A PROPHESIE VVRITTEN LONG SINCE FOR THIS YEARE, 1641.

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AS ALSO,

Many notable Passages Concerning the fall of some great Church-men.

Written by a modern Poet.

LONDON,
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I Doe not wonder, as I erst have done,
That when the Prophet *Ionas* should have gone
To *Niniveh*, Gods word he disobey'd,
And would himselfe to *Tharsus* have convey'd:
For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood
The motions of the *Holy Ghost* withstood,
And feele (me thinks) how many a likely doubt
The Devill, and his frailty, found him out.
He was a man, (though he a *Prophet* were)
In whom no little weakenesse did appeare:
And, thus he thought, perchance, *What shall I do?*
A strange attempt my heart is urged to:
And, there is somewhat, earnestly incites
That I should hasten to the Ninivites,
And, preach, that if they alter not their wayes,
Their time of standing, is but forty dayes.
My soule perswadeth God injoynes me to it;
And, sleepe in peace, I cannot, till I doe it:
But, sinnish Reason *striveth to restraine*
This motion, *and perswadeth me 'tis vaine.*
It saith, I am a sinner, and so fraile,
That many times my best endeavors faile

To re-Hiſe my ſelfe. How ſhall I then
Be hopefull of reclaiming other men?
To Iſr'el *I have threatned many yeares*
Gods judgements: yet, no fruit thereof appeares
Although they have ſome knowledge of the Lord,
And are within his League, *they ſlight his word:*
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation
Will prove regardfull of my exhortation?
The ſtile of Prophet, *in this land I carry;*
And ſuch a Calling, *here, is ordinary*
But, in a forraigne State, what warrant
Have I, to publiſh ſuch a Propheſie?
How may the King and people take the ſame,
If I ſhall in the open ſtreets defame
So great a City? *and, condemne for ſin,*
A place wherin I ever yet have bin?
If I ſhall ſay, the Lord commanded me;
Then, they perhaps, will anſwer: Who is he?
For, they profeſſe him not. Nay, ſome ſuſpition
They may conceive, that I to move ſedition
Am ſent among them. Or, if otherwiſe
They ſhall ſuppoſe; how can they but deſpiſe
My perſon, and my counſell, who ſhall from
So farre a place, ſo meere a ſtranger come,
That no man knowes, or what, or who I am,
Or, from what Country, or from whom I came?

Such thought (belike) delay'd and fear'd him ſo;
And, ſo the *Spirit* urg'd him ſtill to go
For *Niniveh*; that nor to goe, nor ſtay,
Could he reſolve; but, fled another way.
From which rebellious courſe, God feteeth him back
With ſuch a vengeance, that he did not lack
Sufficient prooſes, how Reaſon did betray him,
And, in his *Calling*, cauſleſly affray him,

Yea

Yea (marke heav'ns providence) though *Ionas* went
Another way, it croſt not God's intent,
But furthered it. For, doubtleſſe, e re he came
To *Ninveh*, the miracle and fame
Of his *Deliverance*, was ſent before;
And, made his preaching worke on them the more.
Now, though I doe not arrogate, nor dare
My ſelfe (except in frailties) to compare
With bleſſed *Ionas*: yet I may behold
To ſay, our *Cauſes* a reſemblance hold.
My heart (and when that moves, as one averres,
It more prevailes then many Counſellers,
My heart (I ſay) perſwaded me e'rewhile,
To reade a warning Lecture to this *Ile*.
And in ſuch manner moved; that, to ſay
It came from God, me thinks, behold I may.
Yet, my owne nat'rall frailty, and the world,
Among my thoughts ſo many doubtings hurld,
That every ſtep had rubs. I levell'd ſome
In my laſt *Canto*. Yet, I could not come
To even ground, till I had overtopt
Some other Mountaines which my paſſage ſtopt,
Beware ſaid *Reaſon*, how thou undertake
This hazardous adventure, which to make
Thou haſt reſolv'd For, this wiſe age denies
That God vouchſafed any *Propheſies*
Concerning them; or, that the application
Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation.
She ſaith, my *Conſtancy* is no true ſigne
That God firſt moved this intent of mine;
Since Hereticks, and Traytors, oft are ſeene
As bold in all their cauſes to have beene
As *Martyrs* be. And, that for what they doe,
They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

And ſhe perſwades, tis likely I ſhall paſſe
(At beſt) for one that much deluded was.
She ſayes, moreover, that if theſe times be
Indeed, ſo wicked, as they ſeeme to me,
I ſhall in ſtead of moving to repent,
Nought elſe but ſtir their fury, and be rent
Perhaps in pieces, by their haſty rage,
For, what's more likely in a wicked age?
When people in their ſins grow hardned once,
She ſaies I may as well goe talke to ſtones,
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark;
And, what they ſee and heare, they doe not marke.
She urged that the Prophets in old times
Did ſpeake in vaine againſt the peoples crimes;
And if in them their words begat no faith,
Much leſſe will ſuch as mine, my *Reaſon* ſaith.
She tells me alſo, that this *Ile* hath ſtore
Of *Prophets*, and of *Preachers* never more:
She ſayes, that though their calling none neglect,
Their paines appeare to take but ſmall effect:
And, if ſuch men authorized as they,
Doe caſt their words, without ſucceſſe, away;
In vaine my *Muſe* (whoſe warrant moſt contemne)
Doth ſeeke to worke more piety in them.
A thouſand things unto the like effect;
Yea, all and more then any can object,
(Who ſhall peruſe this Book) my Reaſon brought
Before me, and objected to my thought,
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occaſions hath
To take ſome extraordinary path)
Arrivall making at a double way,
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or ſtay:
So fared I; I was nigh tired quite,
Before I could be certaine of the right.

Yea,

Yea, twixt my doubtings, and all those replies
Which in my meditations did arise;
I so amazed grew, I could not know
Which way it best befitted me to goe:
But, at the last, God brought me thorow all
My doubts and feares; as though the *Storme* and *Whale*,
Once *Jonas* came: That so, all they, who are
Ordained for their good, these lines to heare,
The more may profit, when they think upon
What straights I passed, e're this work was done.
To that intent my fraisties I have so
Insisted on, as in this book I do.
Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read
These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed
And Christian awfulnesse, my heart was won
To censure and reprove as I have done)
Will plainely see, these *Numbers* flow not from
Fantastick rashnesse; nor from envy come,
Nor spring from faction; neither were begot
By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not
What *Spirit* guides them) often are beguiled
With shewes of truth; and madly have reviled
Both good and ill: and whose unsavory *Rimes*
Defames mens persons more then check their crimes.
Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;
And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,
Or by report (of what they know not well)
Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to tell:
In hope to merit; as in deed they doe,
Sometime the pillory, and gallowes too.
I trust, I say, these lines will seeme no such;
Or, if they doe, truth is, I care not much,
Because I certaine am what pow'r infused
Those matters whereupon I now have mused:

And know, that none will these or me condemne,
But they whose rage and follies I contemne.
Yet, that they may be sure I never care
Who censures me, nor what their censures are,
(When honest things I doe) here, somewhat more
I'le adde to what is mentioned before:
And give thee, *Britaine*, a more perfect sight
Of thy distempers, and thy sickly plight.
Yea, thou shalt know, I have not seene alone
A bodily *Consumption* stealing on,
And wasting of thy *Temporalties*; but, that
I also have discovered of late,
A *Lethargy* upon thy soule to steale
And that as well the *Church* as *Commonweale*
Doth needea cure. Oh! doe not quite neglect,
The good of both; but, one (at least) respect.
Though *Iudahs* sicknesses unheeded be,
(Although thy temporall wounds afflict not thee,)
Yet looke on *Syon*: yea, behold and see
Thy Spiritualties how much impaired they be.
The *Churches* Patrimony is decayd;
And many a one is in her spoiles araid:
Those *Patrons* (as we terme them in this age)
Who of her Dowries have the patronage,
Doe rob and cheat her, many times of all;
And, their *Donations* basely set to sale.
Those *Canaanites*, whom thou preserv'st here,
(And by thy lawes to be expelled were)
Are in thy borders now so multiply'd,
That they are thornes and thistles in thy side.
They are become a *Scorpion* in thy path,
Which bites unseene; and nigh unhorsed hath
Some able *Riders*. On thy *Places high*
Thy people doe commit idolatry.

And reare ſtrange *Altars*. In thy Fields are found
Thoſe cunning harmefull *Foxes* to abound,
That ſpoile thy *Vines*. And, ſome I have eſpy'd,
Twixt whoſe oppoſed tales, are firebrands ty'd,
Which waſts thy fruits. Thy *Harveſt* ſeemeth faire;
But ſecret blaſtings doe ſo much impaire
And blite the Corne; that when it comes to bread,
Thy Children oft unholſomly are fed.
Men uſe *Religion* as a ſtalking-horſe,
To catch preferment; yea, ſometimes to worſe
And baſer uſes they employ the ſame;
Like that bold *Harlot*, who quite void of ſhame,
Did of her *Vowes*, and of her *Peace-offerings* make
A Ginn, laſcivious cuſtomers to take.
Yea, ſome (reſembling him, from whom was caſt
One Devill) when one ſin thy have diſplac't,
Of which the world tooke notice, ſweep and cleanſe
Themſelves (in ſhow) from all their other ſins;
Yet ſecretly, let *Sathan* repoſſeſſe,
And foule them with a ſeven-fold wickedneſſe.
An univerſall dulneſſe will benum
Thy ſenſes, if thou doe not ſoone becom
More heedefull of thy ſtate, then thou art yet:
For, ev'ry part hath felt an ague-fit.
Thy *Academs*, which are the famous places
In which all pious knowledges and graces
Should nouriſht be, and whence thy chiefe ſupply
Of *Teachers*, come, (as from a Nurſery)
Ev'n thoſe faire *Fountaines* are much tainted grown,
With doctrine hardly ſound, which thence are blown
Through ev'ry quarter. In their *Schooles* are heard
Vaine jiggs and janglings, worthleſſe of regard.
Their very *Pulpits*, and their *Oratories*,
Are Stages, whereupon their owne vainglories

Men often act. Yea, many a vaine conceit,
Is brought in stead of arguments of weight
And (which is worse) disorder is so rife
Among them; and the weedes of evill life
Have so o'regrowne those *Gardens*, that (unlesse
Good government shall speedily redresse
That spreading mischiefe) it will overtop
The plants of *Syon*, and destroy her crop.
To be thy *Shepheards*, wolves are stolen in;
And thou hast chose who even by day begin
To sow their Tares among thy purest Seed;
And, with mixt *Crumes* thy Lands pollutions breed.
For hire, and money, prophesies the *Prophet*;
The *Priest* doth preach to make a living of it,
Ev'n meerely for a living; and, but few
Their *holy charge*, for conscience sake pursue
Which I by many signes could make apparent,
But that it is not yet within my *Warrant*.
Loquntur Cura leves; little *Cures*
Doe make men preach, whilst poverty endures.
Ingentes stupent; but, large livings make
Our *Doctors* dumb: condemne not my mistake
For, though I doe the Latine sentence wrong,
That's true I tell you in the *English* tongue.
Our Nation, which of late prophanenesse hated,
Is in that sin almost *Italionated*.
The *Scriptures* without reverence are used:
The holy phrase, in jesting, is abused
To flout, or praise, or curse, we can apply
God's holy word, most irreligiously:
In stead of *Emblemes*, moving thoughts divine,
The filthy pictures of lewd *Arretine*,
Are found in many Closets. Foolish lies,
Prophane and most lascivious *Elegies*.

Are

Are publike made. Yea, those whom heretofore
A heathen *Emperour* did so abhor,
That he, for them, their wanton *Author* sent
To undergoe perpetuall banishment:
Ev'n these, we reade; and worse then those, by far,
Allowed passe, and unreproved are.
Nay, their vaine *Authors* often cherisht be:
At least, they have the favour to goe free.
But, if a graver *Muse* reprove their sin,
Lord, with what a hasty zeale they call it in!
How bellous they make it! and how vile,
Thou know'st; and at that folly thou dost smile.
Full warily, the politick *Divine*,
(Who should allow it) scanneth every Line
Before it passe; each phrase he doth suspect;
Although he findeth nothing to be chekt,
He feares to Licence it. And if by chance
It passe abroad, forthwith doth ignorance
Mistake or misapply; and false and bade
Constructions are, of good expressions made:
Yea, they who on the seats of *Judgement* sit,
Are oft, most ready, to miscensure it.
I would they were as forward to disgrace
Those *Authors*, who have filled ev'ry place
With fruitlesse volumes. For dispersed are
Ev'n quite throughout this *Land* every yeare,
Ev'n many thousand *Reames* of fourrill toyes,
Songs, Rimes and Ballads, whose vaine use destroyes
Or hinders Vertuous knowledge and Devotion,
And this they doe to further the promotion
Of our *Diana*. Yet, behold, if we
To publish some few sheets required be,
Containing pious *Hymns*, or Christian *Songs*,
Or ought which to the praise of God belongs:

We do so feare the hindrance of our gaine,
That like th' *Ephesian* Silver-smiths, we faine
A great complaint. As if to have enlarged
A little Booke, had grievously discharged
The Common-wealth: Whereas if it were weigh'd,
How much of late this Land is overlaid
With triviall Volumes, or how much they doe
Corrupt our *Manners*, and *Religion* too;
By that abusive matter they containe?
I should not seeme unjustly to complaine.
These times doe swarme with *Pamphlets*, which be far
More dangerous, then mortall poysons are.
Ev'n in those bookes, whereby the simple thought
To find true knowledge, they their paine have taught:
For, thence, strong *Heresies* (their spring hid
Amid some doubtlesse Truths) awhile unspi'd
Steale out among the people, by degees;
More mischiefe working then each *Reader* sees.
And, so, to ruine knowledge, that is made
An instrument, wherby it rising had.
For (by their lucre, who the Churches peace
Disturb, their private profit to increase)
Those *Doctrines* (which are unauthorised,
Are so promiscuously divulg'd and spread,
Among approved *Verities*, that some
Are in those *Labarinths* amaz'd become:
And, such a contradiction is in that
Which their confused *Pamphlets* doe relate;
That, common Readers, know not which to leave,
Nor, which the *Church of England* doth receive.
And, from this mischiefe many others flow,
Which will, in future times, more harmfull grow.
This, spins vaine *Controversies* to their length;
By this, most *Heresies* receive their strength.

And

And what distraction it already makes,
Our grieved *Mother* wofull notice takes.
In stead of active knowledge, and her fruit;
This filleth men with itching of *dispute*,
And empty words; wherby are set abroach
A thousand quarrells, to the *Truths* reproach.
The *Sectaries*, the *Munkeyes*, and the *Apes*,
The *Cubs* and *Foxes*, which doe mar our Grapes;
The *Wolves* in sheep-skins, and our frantick rable
Of *VVorship-mongers*, are innumerable.
And, as the *Churches* quiet they molest,
So they each other frightfully infest.
We have some *Papists*; some that halfe way goe;
Some *Semi-Pelagians*; some wholly so;
Some *Anabaptists*; some who doe refuse
Black puddings; and good porke, like arrant *Jewes*.
Some also termd *Arminians* are among
Our *Priests* and *People*, very lately sprung.
What most so call'd, professe, I stand not for;
And what some say they teach, I doe abhor.
But, what some other so misnam'd, beleeve,
Is that whereto best Christians credit give.
For, as we see the most reformed man,
By *Libertines*, is term'd a *Puritan*;
So (by our purblinde *Formalist*) all those
Who new fantasticke crotchets doe oppose,
Begin to be mis-term'd *Arminians* now,
And, hence e're long will greater mischieves grow.
Then most imagine. For, the foolish feare
Lest they to be *Arminians* may appeare,
Or else be termed *Puritans*, will make
Great multitudes *Religion* quite forsake.
And, I am halfe perswaded, this will one *(John*
Of those great *Schisms* (or earthquakes) cause which

Fore-

Foretold in his *Apocalyps*; and they
Are bleſt, who ſhall not thereby fall away.
Some *Brownists*, and ſome *Familists* have we;
And ſome, that no man can tell what they be;
Nor they themſelves. Some, ſeeme ſo wondrous pure
They no mans converſations can endure,
Vnleſſe they uſe their plaiſtrings; and appeare
In ev'ry formall garbe which they ſhall weare.
There be of thoſe, who in their words deny,
And hate the practice of *Idolatry*,
Yet make an *Idol* of their formall zeale,
And underneath ſtrict holineſſe, conceale
A myſtery of evill, which deceives them,
And, when they thinke all ſafe, in danger leaves them.
Their whole *Religion*, ſome doe place in heating:
Some, in the outward action of *forbearing*
Ill deedes; or in *well doing*, though the heart
In that performance beare no reall part.
Some others, of their morrall actions make
Small conſcience: and, affirme that God doth take
No notize how in body they tranſgreſſe,
If him in their inward man confeſſe:
As if a ſoule beloved could reſide
Within a body quite unſanctifide.
Some not contented in the act of ſin.
Aare growne ſo impudent, that they begin
To jouſtifie themſelves in wickedneſſe;
Or, by quaint arguments, to make it leſſe:
And, by ſuch Monſters, to ſuch ends as this,
The *Chriſtian liberty* is claimed is.
Newfangledneſſe, *Religion* hath o'rethrowne;
And, many as fantaſticall are growne
In that, as in apparell. Some, delight
In nothing more then to be oppoſite

To

To other men: Their zeale they wholy ſpend
The preſent government to reprehend;
The Churches diſcipline to villifie;
And raile, at all, which pleades antiquitie.
They love not peace: and therefore have ſuſpition
Of Truth it ſelfe, if out of perſecution:
And are ſo thankeleſſe, or ſo heedleſſe be
Of Gods great love, in giving ſuch a free
And plenteous meanes of puliſhing his word,
That, what his Prophets of the *Iewes* record,
Some verefie in us. Much praiſe is given
To that blinde age, wherein the *Queene of Heav'n*
Was worſhip heare. And falſely we extoll
Thoſe dayes, as being much more plentifull.
Some, at the frequency of *Preaching* grutch,
And, tyred with it, thicke we have too much:
Nay, impudently practiſe to ſuppreſſe
That Exercife, and make our plenty leſſe.
And, that their doing may not want ſome fayre
Or goodly coulor, they doe call for Pray'r,
In ſtead thereof; as if we could not pray,
Vntill our *Preaching* we had ſent away.
As theſe are fooliſhly, or lewdly, wiſe;
We have ſome others wantonly preciſe.
So waywardly diſp's'd, amidſt our plenty,
And through their curioſity, ſo dainty,
That, very many cannot well digeſt
The Bread of life, but in their manner dreſt.
Nor will Gods *Manna*, or that meaſure ſerve,
Which he provides; But, they cry out they ſtarve,
Vnleſſe they feed upon their owne opinions,
(Which are like *Egypt*s Garlike and her Onions)
Some like not Prayer that's extempory;
Some not any that ſet forme not carry:

Some

Some thinke there's no devotion, but in thoſe
That howle, or whine, or ſhuffle in the noſe;
As if that God vouchſafed all his Graces
For fained geſtures, or for ſoure faces.
Some thinke not that the man, who gravely teacheth;
Or hath a ſober geſture when he preacheth,
Or gentle voyce: hath any zeale in him,
And therefore, ſuch like *Preachers* they contemne.
Yea, they ſuppoſe that no mans doctrine ſaves
The ſoule of any one, unleſſe he rayes,
And rores aloud, and flings, and hurleth ſo
As if his armes he quite away would throw;
Or over-leap the *Pulpit*; or elſe breake it:
And this (if their opinion true may make it)
Is to advance their voyces *Trumpet-like*,
As God commands: yea, this (they ſay) doth ſtrike
Sinne dead. Whereas indeed, God ſeldome goes
In whirlewinds: but is in the voyce of thoſe
Who ſpeake in meekneſſe. And it is not in
The pow'r of noyſe to ſhake the walls of ſinne:
For clamors, antique actions, writhed lookes
And ſuch like mimmick Rhetoricke none brookes
That hath diſcretion: neither doth it move
The heart of any, when we ſo reprove;
Except it be in ſome contrary motion,
Which interupts the hearts good devotion.
The well affected Chriſtian pitties it;
It makes prophaneſt men at naught it ſet
Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men deſpiſe
Such affatection: much it terrifies
The ignorant: but very few from thence
Receive ſound knowledge, or true penitence.
Some reliſh nothing, but thoſe points that are
In controverſie: ſome would nothing heare

But

But ſongs of Mercy; ſome delight in none
But *Songs of Thunder*; and ſcarce any one
Is pleas'd in what he heares. Nay of their Preachers,
Mechanicks, arrogate to be the teachers.
Yea, moſt of us, what e're our *Paſtor* ſayes,
Keepe ſtill our owne opinions and our wayes.
To heare and know Gods word, to ſome among
Our Nation, ſeemeth onely to belong
To *Clergymen*; and, their implicite *Faith*
Is built on what the common rumour ſaith.
Some others fill'd with curioſity
Affirme that ev'ry ſev'rall myſtery
Within Gods *Booke* included, doth concerne
Ev'n each particular Chriſtian man to learne:
Whereas they might as well affirme, each gueſt
That is invited to each Feaſt,
Is bound the ſev'rall diſhes there to heed,
And upon every meat before him feed.
Nay, ſome have almoſt this imagination,
That there is hardly hope of their ſalvation
Who ſpeake not *Hebrew*. And, this now adayes,
Makes fooliſh women, and young Prentiſes
To learne that holy Tongue; in which they grow
As cunning as doe thoſe who nothing know,
Save to be arrogant, and to contemne
Thoſe *Paſtors*, who have taken chatge of them.
The appetite of ſome growes dull, and failes,
Vnleſſe it may be pampered with Quailes;
High flying crotchets, which we ſee doe fill
Not halfe ſo many ſoules as they doe kill.
We cannot be contene to make our flights,
For that which God expoſeth to our ſights,
And ſearch for that which he is pleas'd to ſhow,
But, we muſt alſo pry, what God doth know.

Which

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy
Of *Sathans*; and the very same whereby
He cheated *Eave*. From seeking to disclose
Beyond our warrant, what God onely knowes,
Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come
Most questions that have troubled *Christendome*.
Yea, searching things conceal'd, hath overthrowne
The comfortable use of what is knowne.
Hence flowes their fruitlesse fond asseveration,
Who blundred on *Eternall-Reprobation*,
And many groundlesse whimsies have invented,
Whereby much better musings are prevented.
Of *Reprobation* I no doubt have made;
Yet, those vaine quarrelings which we have had,
Concerning her, and her antiquity,
(But that the world hath wiser tooles then I)
Appeares to me to bring so little fruits,
That I suppose it fitter for disputes
In hell, (among the reprobrated crue)
Then for for a Church of *Christians* to pursue:
At least to brawle about with such hot rage,
As hath possest some Spirits of this age.
For, some have urg'd this point of *Reprobation*,
As if the chiefest groun-worke of salvation
Depended on beleeving, just, as they
(Deluded by their fancies) please to say.
And, though they never found Gods holy word
Did any mention of the same afford,
But, as of that which did begin since *Time*;
And with respect to some committed crime:
They, nevertheless, their strengths together gather,
To prove the *Child* is older then the *Father*,
And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,
But from *Of*; at farthest from *Beginning*:

They

They *Reprobation*, otherwhile confound
With our *Predeſtination*: which is found
No where in all the Scripture, to reſpect
The *Reprobates*, but onely Gods Elect.
And then they are compeld to prove the ſenſe
Of their darke *Tenet*, by an inference;
And to affirme (from reaſon) that *Election*
Eternall, doth infer the like rejection.
(As if an action of *Eternity*,
Were fit to ſquare out ſhallow reaſons, by)
Which Argument becauſe it hath not taken
True Faith, to ground on, may with eaſe be ſhaken.
Their tottering ſtructure, therefore, up to keepe,
They into Gods foreknowledge boldly peep,
Beyond his warrant; ſearching for *Decrees*
And *ſecrets*, farther then an *Angell* ſees:
Preſuming then, as if all things they knew,
And had *Eternitie* within their view.
But, that hath ſuch an infinite extenſion,
Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehenſion,
That, there, they wander on, till they are madd:
And looſe that little knowledge, which they had:
For what are they but mad-men who maintaine
The giddie fancies of their owne weake braine,
For *Theſes* of *Religion*, which we muſt
Beleeve as they affirme them, or be thruſt
Among the *Reprobates*? What leſſe, I pray,
Are they then madd, who foole their wits away
In wheeling Arguments which have no end?
In Straines which man ſhall never apprehend?
In ſeeking what their knowledge doth exceed?
In vaine diſputings, which contentions breed.
In ſtrange *Chymera's*, and fantaſtick notions,
That neither ſtirre us up to good devotions.

Nor mend our manners? But our *wayes* pervert,
Diſtract the *Judgement*, or puffe up the heart.
If this I may not madneſſe call, or folly,
Tis (at the beſt) religious-melancholly.
What ſhall we judge of thoſe who ſtrive to make (ſtake
Gods Word (whoſe *Termes* and *Scope* they much mi-
Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,
And ſleight thoſe *Truths*, for which the Text is clear:
What ſhall we deeme of thoſe, who quite miſtaking
Good Authors, (and their Volumes guiltie making
Of what they never meant) doe preach and write
Againſt thoſe Bookes, with rancorous deſpight,
Which being well examin'd, ſay the ſame
Which they affirme, and check what they doe blame.
Such men there be, and they great noiſe have made
By fighting furiouſly with their owne ſhade.
What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,
In their perverſe opinions to perſever,
Take knowledge up on truſt: and follow thoſe
Who leade them on, as wild-geeſe fly in rowes;
And when their multitude is waxen great,
Doe then ſo wilfully prejudicate,
Become ſo confident of that they hold,
And in their blind aſſurance, ſo are bold,
That they can brook no tryall, neither ſee
Their overſights, how plaine ſo ere they be?
But fondly think (though we beleeve it not)
That they infallibitie have got?
Some pious men; yea, ſome great Doctors tread,
Such *Laborinths*; and often are miſled
By holding that which they at firſt were taught,
Without due proving all things as they ought;
And vulgar men are often led awry,
By their examples, and for company.

For,

For, as a Traveller, that is to come
From ſome far Countrey, through large deſarts, home;
(Not knowing well the way) is glad to take
His courſe with ſuch who ſhowes of cunning make,
And walkes along, depending ſtill on them,
Through many a wood, and over many a ſtreame,
Till he and they are loſt: there to remaine
He finds no ſafetie, nor meanes back againe,
Nor liſt to leave his company; becauſe
He hopes that nearer homeward ſtill he drawes,
And that his guides full ſure of paſſage are,
Although they cannot well deſcribe it, there.
So, when plaine men doe firſt attempt the way
Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk aſtray,
Without diſtruſt: and when arriv'd they be
Where many troubleſome windings they doe ſee,
And where no certaintie they can behold,
Yet, on their leaders knowledge they are bold,
Or on their multitude: yea, though they know,
And, ſee them erre, and turne, and ſtagger ſo,
(In darkſome paths) that well ſuppoſe they may;
They rove and wander in an uncouth way;
Yet, ſtill they are unwilling to ſuſpect
The wiſdome of the *Fathers* of their Sect.
Yea, though no ſatisfaction they can find,
Though feares and doubtings doe afflict their mind,
They ſtill impute it rather to their owne
Infirmities, or to the depths unknowne
Of thoſe myſterious points, to mention brought;
But never call in queſtion what is taught:
Leſt being by thoſe Teachers terrifide,
They might forſaken in deſpaire abide.
Their *Doctors*, alſo, failing to deviſe
Strong Arguments, their hearers to ſuffice;

This course, to salve their credits, late have got;
They say (forsooth) *Faiths* doctrine settles not
With naturall capacities; and that
The *Spirit* must those men illuminate
Who shall receive them. And, indeede in this,
They doe both say the truth, and say amisse:
This is a Jesuitish juggling trick,
And, if allow'd it be, each lunatick,
And ev'ry brain-sick *Dreamer*, by that way,
May foist upon us all that he can say.
For, though Gods holy *Spirit* must create
New hearts within us, and regenerate
Depraved nature, e're it can be able
To make our outward hearings profitable;
We must not thinke that all which fancy saith
(In termes obscure) are mysteries of Faith.
Nor make the hearers want of pow'r to reach
Their meanings, to be proofes of what they teach.
There is twixt men, and that which they are taught,
Some naturall proportion, or tis naught.
The deepest mystery of our profession,
Is capable of literall expression,
As well to *Reprobates*, as men *elected*;
Or else it may of error be suspected.
Yea wicked men a power granted have
To understand, although they misconceive.
And can of darkest points make plaine relations,
Though to themselves they faile in applications.
God never yet did bid us take in hand
To publish that which none can understand:
Much lesse affecteth he a man should mutter
Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter;
Or in uncertaine termes, as many doe,
Who preach Non-sense, and oft *non entia* too.

For

For thoſe which man to man is bound to ſhow,
Are ſuch plaine Truths, as we by word may know;
Which when the hearer can expreſſe againe,
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers paine.
Then, though the ſoule doth many times conceive
(By Faith, and by that Word which we receive)
Deep myſteries, and that which farre tranſcends
A carnall knowledge: though ſhe apprehends
Some glimmerings of thoſe *Objects*, that are higher
Then humane Reaſon ever ſhall aſpire;
Though ſhe hath taſtings of that bleſſednes,
Which mortall tongue could never yet expreſſe;
And though the ſoule may have ſome earneſt given
On earth, of what it ſhall enjoy in heaven;
Though God may when he liſt (and now and then
For cauſe not ordinary) to ſome men
Vouchſafeth (for their ſecret ſatisfactions)
A few reflections from eternall actions:
Though this be ſo, let no man arrogate
That he ſuch ſecrets can by word relate:
For, they are things, of which no voyce can preach;
High flights, to which no mortall wing can reach;
Tis Gods owne worke, ſuch raptures to convay,
To compaſſe them there is no other way,
But by his bleſſed *Spirit*. And, of thoſe
Moſt can we not; ſome muſt we not diſcloſe.
For, if they onely touch our private ſtate,
They were not ſent, that we ſhould them relate;
But daigned that the ſoule they ſtrengthen might
Amid the perills of ſome ſecret fight;
When men to honour God, or for their ſinne,
The terrours of this life are plunged in.
And, as it is reputed of thoſe things,
Which fooliſh people thinke ſome *Fairy* brings,

So, of *Enthusiasmes* speak I may;
Discover them, and straight they fly away.
For, thus they fare who boast of *Revelations*,
Or of the certainty of their *Salvations*,
Or any ghostly gift, at times or places,
Which warrant not the mention of such graces:
Yea, by revealing things which they should hide,
They entrance make for over-weening pride:
And that quite marres the blessing they possest,
Or, for a while, obscureth it, at best:
And yet, if any man shall climbe so high,
That they attaine unto a *Mystery*,
Conceiv'd by few; they may, if they be able,
Disclose it where it may be profitable.
But, they must know, that (if it be, indeed,
Of such transcendency, as doth exceed
Meere naturall reaches) it should be declard
To none, save unto those who are prepar'd
For such conceptions; and more apt to know them
By their owne thoughts, then are our words to show them.
Else, all they utter will in clouds appeare,
And errors, men, for truths, away will beare.
Would this had beene observ'd a little more,
By some who in our *Congregations* roare
Of Gods unknowne *Decrees*, *Eternall-Callings*,
Of *Perseverance*, and of *Finall Fallings*,
And such like *Mysteries*. Of else, I would
That they their meanings better utter could,
(If well they meant.) For, though those points afford
Much comfort and instruction (as Gods word
Hath mention'd them) and may applyed be,
And opened, when we just occasion see;
Yet, as most handle them, who now adayes
Doe passe for Preachers, with a vulgar praise,

They

They profit not: for, this ripe age hath young
And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,
And able memories, a way have found
To build a houſe, e're they have laid the ground.
With common places, and with notes purloin'd,
(Not well applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)
A garb of preaching theſe have ſoone attained,
Which hath, with many, approbation gained
Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand
Thoſe myſteries, they neither underſtand,
Nor ſtudied on. And, they have much diſtracted
Some hearers, by their doctrines ill compacted:
Yea, by enquiring out what God *fore-ſees*,
And medling much with his unknowne Decrees,
The *Churches* peace ſo much diſturb'd have they;
So foule and crooked made *Faiths* plaineſt way;
Such ſcandals raiſ'd; and interrupted ſo,
By doubts impertinent, what men ſhould doe;
And, their endeavours nullifide, ſo far,
That many of them at a nonplus are.
I am not of their minds, who take from this
And other things, that are perform'd amiſſe,
Occaſion to diſparage frequent preaching;
Or, to abate our plentiouſneſſe of teaching:
For, of our *Harveſt*, Lord, I humbly pray,
The ſtore of *Labourers* continue may.
And, I could alſo wiſh, that none were choſe
To be a ſeed-man, till he truly knowes
The Wheat from Tares; and is indu'd with reaſon,
And grace, to ſow in order, and in ſeaſon.
And that thoſe artleſſe workmen may be ſtaid,
Who build before foundations they have laid:
Leſt, when our *Church* well built, ſuppoſe we ſhall,
It ſink, and overwhelme us in the fall.

It pities me to marke what rents appeare
Within our *Sion*; and what daubings are
To hide the ruines; and I feare the frame
Will totter, if we long neglect the same.
Our *Watchmen*, for the greater part, are growne
Lesse mindfull of Gods honour, than their owne:
For either almost wholly we omit
That worke, or undiscreetly follow it.
Some, speake the truth, without sincere intention,
As they who preach the *Gospell* for contention.
Some, by their wicked lives doe give offence,
And harden men in their impenitence.
As if nor hell nor heav'n they did beleeve,
They ryot, game, drink drunk, and whore, and theeve,
For avarice, and envy, none are worse;
They are malicious, and blaspheme, and curse,
As much as any others. None are more
Regardlesse of the soule that's meane and poore;
Among their neighbours, none more quarrelsome,
Or, that more hardly reconcil'd become,
Then many *Clergie-men*. And as we see
They are the best of men, when good they be;
So, there are none that wander more astray,
When they have left a sanctified way.
Some Pastors are too hot; and some too cold;
And, very few the golden temper hold.
Some, at the *Papist* with such madnesse fling,
As if they could not utter any thing
Of them too vile; though ne're so false it were;
And, we so used by their *Jesuits* are.
Some others at the *Puritan* doe strike,
So furiously, that they are often like
To wrong the *Protestants*: for, men impose
That name, sometime, upon the best of those;

Yea,

Yea, they who are prophane, that name miſ-lay
On all who make a conſcience of their way.
Some *Shepheards*, on their Flocks are gorg'd at full,
And ſumptuouſly arayed in their wooll.
But, thoſe that are diſeaſ'd, they make not ſtrong;
Their ſickleſt ſheepe they ſeldome come among;
They take no care, the broken up to bind,
The Sheepe that's loſt, they doe not ſeeke to find;
They let ſuch wander as will run aſtray;
And, many times their fury ſo doth fray
The tender conſcience; that their indiſcretion
Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.
Gods bounty hath large paſtorage provided;
But, they have not his flocks with wiſdome guided:
For, in the midſt of plenty, ſome be ready
To ſtarve in ignorance. Some ſheepe are headdy;
Some get the ſtaggers; ſome the ſcab; and they
Infect their fellowes. Some, the wantons play
Among the thornes and bryers, which have torne
The marks and fleeces, which they ſhould have worn.
Some ſtraggle from the flock; and they are ſtraight
Surpriz'd by Wolves, which lye for them in wait.
Some, ſought large feeding, and ranck paſtures got,
Which prov'd not wholſome; & they caught the Rot.
For, many preach themſelves, and fancies broach,
That ſcandall preaching, to the Truths reproach.
Yea, ſome terme that (forſooth) Gods word divine,
Which would halfe ſhame me, ſhould they terme it mine.
And they we ſee, that longeſt pray and ſpeake
Are priz'd of moſt (though head nor foot they make)
Becauſe the common hearers of this Land,
Think beſt of that, which leaſt they underſtand.
Some, alſo, by their feet diſturb the Springs;
Or trample and defile Gods paſturings;

And

And they are either such who make obscure
Faiths principles; or, such whose lives impure,
Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,
Who (like the beasts that over-gamesome be)
Doe push their weaker brethren with their homes;
And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scornes.
Gods *houses*, also, much neglected are;
And of his *Sanctuaries*, few have care.
A barne, or any common house, or roome,
Is thought as well Gods worship to become,
As in the *Churches* infancy; or there,
Where wants, and wars, and persecutions are.
Amidst our peace and plenties, we doe grutch
Our *Oratories* should be trimm'd as much
As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine
That exercises which are most divine,
Should with more *Rites*, or *Ornaments*, be done,
Then when the troublous times afforded none.
As if a *Garden*, when the flow'rs are blowne,
Were still to look as when it first was sowne.
To worship so in spirit, we pretend
That, in our bodies, we doe scarcely bend
A leg, or move a cap, when there we be,
Where Gods most holy *Mysteries* we see.
Yea, many seeme so carefull to have bin,
To let no *Superstition* enter in,
That they have, almost, wholly banisht hence,
All *Decency*, and pious *Reverence*.
The *Church*, by *Lukewarme Christians*, is neglected,
By brutish *Athe'sts*, it is disrespected;
By greedy *Worldlings*, robbed of her fleeces;
By selfe-will'd *Schismaticks*, nigh torne in pieces;
By *Tyrants*, and by *Infidels* opposed;
By her *blind Guides*, to hazard oft exposed;

By

By *Hypocrites*, injuriously defamed;
And, by the frailties of the best, oft shamed.
A pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted
To them, full often, who those minds have wanted
Becomming such Authoritie: and they
Play fast and loose, ev'n with the *Churches* Key.
They censure and absolve, as best shall make
For their advantage; not for conscience sake.
As they shall please, they punish or connive;
And, by the peoples follies they doe thrive.
Of evill customes, many are we see
Insinuated, and so strict are we
To keep them, that we sottishly deny
To leave them, for what more would edifie:
And we so much doe *Innovations* feare,
That needfull *Reformations* none appeare.
We have prophaned ev'ry holy thing;
Ev'n our most Christian *Feasts*, which are to bring
Gods *Mercies* to our thought; and memorize
Of *Saving-Grace*, the sacred *Mysteries*:
Some have ev'n those gain-sayed; and, in that
Have evill spoken, of they know not what.
Some others keep them; but, as heathenishly,
As *Feasts* of *Bacchus*; and impietie
Is then so rife, that God is rarely nam'd
Or thought upon, except to be blasphem'd.
By these, and other wayes, the *Church* doth lose
Much honour, to the glory of her foes,
And our great shame, and losse: for, her decayes
Shall be this *Realmes* disprofit, and dispraise.
God hath a Controversie with our *Land*;
And, in an evill plight affaires doe stand.
Already we doe smart for doing ill;
Yet, us the hand of God afflicteth still,

And many ſee it not; as many be
So wilfull, that his hand they will not ſee.
Some, plainly view the ſame, but nothing care:
Some, at the ſight thereof amazed are
Like *Balthazar*; and have a trembling heart;
Yet, will not from their vanities depart.
About ſuch matters, other ſome are loth
Their thoughts to buſie (meerely out of ſloth)
Like him, who rather would in hazard put
His life, than riſe from bed the doore to ſhut.
Some, dreame that all things doe by chance ſucceed,
And that I prate more of them than I need.
But, Heav'n and Earth, to witneſſe I invoke,
That, cauſleſly, I nothing here have ſpoke.
If this, oh ſickly *Iland*, thou beleeve,
And for thy great infirmitie ſhalt grieve,
And, grieving of thy follies make confeſſions;
And ſo confeſſe thine infinite tranſgreſſions:
That thou amend thoſe errors: God ſhall then
Thy manifold diſtempers cure agen;
Make all thy ſcarlet ſins as white as ſnow,
And caſt his threatned judgement on thy foe.
But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
Shalt ſleight this *Meſſage*, which my *Muſe* doth tell,
And ſcorne her counſell; If thou ſhalt not rue
Thy former wayes; but, frowardly purſue
Thy wilfull courſe: then, harke what I am bold,
(In ſpight of all thy madneſſe) to unfold.
For, I will tell thy *Fortune*; which, when they
That are unborne, ſhall read, another day;
They will beleeve Gods mercy did infuſe
Thy *Poets* breſt with a prophetick *Muſe*.
And know, that he this *Author* did prefer,
To be from him, this *Iles Remembrancer*.

If thou, I ſay, oh *Britaine!* ſhalt retaine
Thy crying ſinnes, thou doſt preſume in vaine,
Of Gods protection. If thou ſtop thine eare,
Or burne this *Rowle*, in which recorded are
Thy juſt *Inditements*; it ſhall written be
With new additions, deeply ſtampt on thee
With ſuch *Characters*, that no time ſhall race
Their fatall image, from thy ſcarred face.
Though haughtily thou doſt thy ſelfe diſpoſe;
Becauſe the Sea thy borders doth encloſe.
Although upon the Rocks thy neaſt is plac'd;
Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling haſt;
Though thou encreaſe thy ſhips; and unto that
Which is thine owne, with King *Iehoſaphat*,
Joyne *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward,
And all thy Ports and Havens ſtrongly guard;
Although thou multiply thy inland forces,
And muſter up large troups of men and horſes;
Though like an *Eagle*, thou thy wings diſplay'ſt,
And (high thy ſelfe advancing) proudly ſay'ſt;
I ſit aloft, and am ſo high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I reſt upon.
Yea, though thou no advantages didſt want,
Of which the glorioust *Emperies* did vaunt;
Yet, ſure, thou ſhalt be humbled and brought low;
Ev'n then, perhaps, when leaſt thou fear'ſt it ſo.
Till thou repent, prouiſions which are made
For thy defence, or others to invade,
Shall be in vaine; and ſtill, the greater coſt
Thou ſhalt beſtow, the honour that is loſt
Shall be the greater; and thy waſted ſtrength,
Be ſick of a *Conſumption*, at the length.
Thy *Treaties*, which for peace or profit be,
Shall nether peace, nor profit, bring to thee.

Or,

Or, if thy Counſels proſper for a while,
God will permit it, onely to beguile
Thy fooliſhneſſe; and tempt thee on, to run
Some courſes, that will bring his Judgements on.
Yea, all thy winnings ſhall but fuell be,
To feed thoſe follies that now ſpring in thee;
And make (with vengeance) thoſe the more enrag'd
Who ſhall for thy correction be engag'd.
What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,
Againſt a wicked people for their ſin,
Shall come on thee: His hand ſhall be for ill,
On ev'ry Mountaine, and high-raiſed Hill.
Thy loftie *Cedars*, and thy ſturdy *Oakes*,
Shall feele the fury of his thunder-ſtroakes.
Upon thy ſhips, thy Havens, and thy Ports,
Upon thy Armes, thy Armies, and thy Forts,
Upon thy pleaſures and commodities,
Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy Merchandize;
On all the fruits, and cattell in thy fields,
On what the Ayre, or what the Water yeelds,
On Prince and People; on both weak, and ſtrong,
On Prieſt, and Prophet; on both old, and yong;
Yea, on each perſon, place, and ev'ry thing,
The plague it hath deſerved God ſhall bring.
What ever thou doſt hope, he fruſtrate ſhall;
And, make what e're thou feareſt, on thee fall.
This pleaſant ſoyle, wherein ſuch plenty growes,
And where both milke and honey overflowes,
Shall for thy peoples wickedneſſe be made
A Land as barren, as what never had
Such plenties in it. God ſhall drive away
Thy pleaſant Fowles, and all thoſe Fiſh that play
Within thy waters; and for whoſe great ſtore
Some other Nations would have prais'd him more.

Thoſe

Thoſe Rivers, that have made thy Vallies rich,
Shall be like ſtreames of ever-burning Pitch.
Thy duſt, as Brimſtone; fields as hard and dry
As iron is; the Firmament, on high,
(Like Braſſe) ſhall yeeld thee neither raine nor due,
The hope of waſted bleſſings to renue.
A leanneſſe, ſhall thy fatneſſe quite devoure;
Thy Wheat ſhall in the place of wholſome flowre,
Yeeld nought but bran. In ſtead of graſſe and corne,
Thou ſhalt in times of harveſt, reap the thorne,
The thiſtle, and the bryar. Of their ſhadowes
Thy *Groves* ſhall robbed be. Thy flowry *Medowes*
Shall ſterile waxe. There ſhall be ſeldome ſeene
Sheep on thy Downes; or *Shepheards* on the greene.
Thy walks, thy gardens, and each pleaſant plot,
Shall be as thoſe where men inhabit not.
Thy *Villages*, where goodly dwellings are,
Shall ſtand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy *Cities*, and thy *Palaces*, wherein
Moſt neatneſſe and magnificence hath bin,
Shall heaps of rubbiſh be, and (as in thoſe
Demoliſht *Abbies*, wherein Dawes, and Crowes,
Now make their neſts) the bramble, and the nettle,
Shall in their halls, and parlours, root, and ſettle.
Thy Princes houſes, and thy wealthy Ports,
Now fill'd with men of all degrees and ſorts,
Shall no inhabitants in them retaine,
But ſome poore Fiſherman, or Country Swaine,
Who of thy glories, when the marks they ſee,
Shall wonder what thoſe mighty ruines be;
As now they doe, who old foundations find,
Of Townes and Cities, periſht out of mind.
The places where much people meetings had,
Shall vermine holes, and dens for beaſts be made.

Or

Or walks for *Sprights*, who from those uncouth rooms
Shall fright the passenger, which that way comes.
In stead of *mirth* and *laughter*, *lamentation*
Shall there abide: and, loathsome *desolation*,
In stead of *company*. Where once was heard
Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard
With hideous cryes, and howlings of despaire.
Thy very *Climate*, and thy temprate ayre,
Shall lose their wholsomnesse, for thy offences;
And breed hot *Fevers*, *Murrains*, *Pestilences*,
And all diseases. They that now are trained
In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained;
In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,
Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces:
And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
To end their lives in divers uncouth places;
Or else, thy face, with their owne bloud defile,
In hope to keepe themselves, and thee, from spoile.
Thy beautious *Women* (whose great pride is more
Than theirs, whom *Esay* blamed heretofore)
In stead of paintings, and of costly scents,
Of glittering gems, and precious ornaments,
Shall weare deformitie about their faces;
And, being rob'd of all their tempting graces,
Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things,
Which to a wanton *Lover* lothing brings.
Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,
Scourge thee with *Scorpions*, *Serpents*, *Cockatrices*,
And other such; whose tailes with stings are armed,
That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.
Thou shalt not be suffiz'd when thou art fed;
Nor shalt thou suffer scarcitie of bread
And temp'rall food alone; but, of that meat,
Whereof the faithfull soule desires to eate.

That

That curſe of *Ravenous beaſts*, which God hath ſaid,
Vpon a wicked kingdome ſhall be laid,
He will inflict on thee. For though there be
No Tygers, Lyons, Wolves, or beares in thee;
By beaſtly minded men (that ſhall be farre
More cruell then thoſe bloody ſpoylers are)
Thou ſhalt be torne: for, each man ſhall aſſay
His fellow to devoure as lawfull prey.
In ſtead of *Lyons*, *Tyrants* thou ſhalt breed,
Who nor of conſcience, nor of Law take heed;
But, on the weake mans portion lay their paw,
And, make their *Pleaſures*, to become their *Law*.
In ſtead of *Tigers*, men of no compaſſion,
A furious, and a wilfull generation,
Shall fill thy borders. Theeves, and outlawes vile,
Shall hunt the waies, and haunt the woods for ſpoyle,
As *Beares*, and *Wolves*. A ſubtile cheating crew
(That will with tricks and couſenages purſue
The ſimpler ſort) ſhall here encreaſe their breed;
And, in their ſubtleties the *Fox* exceed.
That hoggiſh herd, which alwaies rooting are
Within the ground, and never upward reare
Their grunting ſnouts; nor fixe their eyes on heav'n,
To looke from whence their daily food is giv'n:
Thoſe filthy ſwiniſh livers, who deſire
To feede on draffe, and wallow in the mire:
Thoſe, who affect ranke puddles, more then ſprings;
To trample and diſpiſe moſt precious thing;
The holy to prophane; Gods hearbs of *grace*
To nouzle up, his Vineyard to deface;
And ſuch like harmes to doe: theſe ſhall thy fields,
Marre worſe, then thoſe wild *Boares* the deſart yeelds.
If thou remaine impenitent, thou art
Like *Egypt*; and ſo ſtony is thy heart.

For which obdurateneſſe, thoſe plagues will all
Deſcend on thee, which did on *Egypt* fall,
Blood, *Frogs*, and *Lice*, great ſwarmes of uncoth *Flies*,
Th'infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dies;
Boyles, *Scabs*, & *Blaines*; fierce *Haile*, & *Thunder-ſtormes*,
The *Locuſt*, and all fruit devouring *Wormes*.
Croſſe *Darkneſſe*, and the *Death* of thoſe that be
Thy Darlings; all thoſe *Plagues* ſhall fall on thee,
According as the *Letter* doth imply,
Or, as in *myſtick* ſenſe they ſignifie.
Thy pureſt Rivers God ſhall turne to blood;
With ev'ry Lake, that hath beene ſweet and good.
Ev'n in thy noſtrils he ſhall make it ſtinke,
For nothing ſhall thy people eate or drinke,
Vntill their owne, or others blood it coſt;
Or, put their lives in hazard to be loſt.
Moſt loathſome *Frogs*; that is, a race impure,
Of baſe condition, and of birth obſcure,
(Ev'n in unwholſome fens, and ditches, bred)
Shall with a clowniſh rudeneſſe over-ſpread
Thy pleaſant'ſt fields; thy faireſt roomes poſſeſſe;
And make unwholſome (by their ſluttiſhneſſe)
Thy kneading troughs, thy ovens, and that meat,
Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat.
This hatefull brood, ſhall climbe to croake and ſing,
Within in lodging chambers of the *King*.
Yea, there make practice of thoſe naturall notes,
Which iſſue from their evill-ſounding throats:
To wit, vaine brags, revilings, ribaldries,
Vile ſlanders, and unchriſtian blaſphemies.
The *Land* ſhall breed a naſty *Generation*,
Vnworthy either of the reputation
Or name of men. For, they as *Lice* ſhall feed
Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed;

Till

Till poverty, and ſlovenry, and ſloth,
Have quite diſgrac'd them, and conſum'd them both.
There ſhall, moreover, ſwarmes of divers *Flies*,
Engendred be in thy proſperities,
To be a plague: the *Fleſh-flye* ſhall corrupt
Thy ſavory meats; *Muſketoes* interrupt
The weary traveller; thou ſhalt have *Drones*,
Dores, *Hornets*, *Waſpes*, and ſuch like angry-ones,
Who repreſent that ſwarme whoſe buzzing tongues
(Like ſtings) are uſed in their neighbours wrongs:
And, ſtill are flying, and ſtill humming ſo,
As if they meant ſome weighty worke to do,
When as, upon the common ſtock they ſpend;
And nought performe of that which they pretend.
Thy *Butter-flies* ſhall plague thee too; ev'n thoſe,
Who waſte their Lands and Rents, in gaudy clothes,
Or idle flutterings; and then ſpawne their ſeed,
Upon thy goodli'ſt flow'rs, and herbs to feed.
As *Beaſts* deſtroyed by the *Murraine* be,
So, they they that are of beaſtly life in thee,
By lewd example ſhall infect each other;
And in their foule diſeaſes rot together.
On all thy people, or what ſort ſoe're,
Shall *Scabs*, and *bile*, and running *ſores* appeare,
The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with paines
(Within their conſcience, and with ſcars and blaines
Of outward infamy) they ſhall be grieved.
And, in their tortures periſh, unrelieved.
Tempeſtuos *ſtormes*, upon this *Ile* ſhall fall,
Hot *Thunder-bolts*, and *Haile-ſtones* therewithall;
Men either too too hot, or too too cold;
Or elſe luke warme. But, few or none ſhall hold
A rightfull temper: and, theſe *meteors* will
Thy borders with a thouſand miſchieves fill.

The *Locuſt* alſo and the *Palmer wormes*,
Shall prey on what eſcapeth from the *Stormes*:
Not they alone, which on the graſſe do breed;
But, alſo, they who from the *pit* proceed
Which hath no bottom: and, when any thing
Doth by the dew of heav'n begin to ſpring,
They ſhall devoure the ſame, till they have left thee,
Nor leafe nor bloſſome; but, of all bereft thee,
Then ſhall a *darkeneſſe* follow, farre more blacke,
Then when the light copo eall thou doſt lacke.
For, groſſeſt *Ignorance*, o'reſhadowing all,
Shall in ſo thick a darkneſſe thee inthrall,
That thou a blockiſh people ſhalt be made,
Still wandring on in a deceiving ſhade;
Miſtruſting thoſe that ſafeſt paths are ſhowing,
Moſt truſting them, who counſell thy undoing;
And aye tormented be with doubts and feares,
As one that outeries, in darke places heares.
Nor ſhall the hand of God from thee returne,
Till he hath alſo ſmote thine *eldeſt-borne*.
That is, till he hath taken from the quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou ſetſt thy whole delight;
And filled ev'ry houſe throughout this Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.
So great ſhall be thy ruine, and thy ſhame,
That when the neighbour kingdomes heare the ſame
Their eares ſhall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies muſt receive their doomes;
A day of clouds, a day of gloomineſſe,
A day of blacke deſpaire, and heavineſſe,
It will appeare. And, then thy vanities,
Thy gold, thy ſilver, thy confederacies,
And all thoſe reeds on which thou haſt depended;
Will faile thy truſt, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy

Thy *King*, thy *Prieſts* & *Prophets*, then ſhall mourne;
And, peradventure, fainedly returne
To beg of God to ſuccour them: but, they
Who will not harken to his voyce to day,
Shall cry unheeded: and he will deſpiſe
Their vowes, their prayers, and their ſacrifice:
A ſea of troubles, all thy hopes ſhall ſwallow:
As waves on waves, ſo plague on plague ſhall follow:
And, ev'ry thing that was a bleſſing to thee,
Shall turne to be a curſe, and helpe undoe thee.
Thy *Sov'raignes* have to thee thy *Fathers* bin;
By meanes of them hath peace beene kept within
Thy ſea-girt limits: they, thy weale befriended,
The bleſſed Faith they ſtoutly have defended:
And, thou haſt cauſe of goodly hopes in him,
Who hath, of late, put on thy *Diadem*.
But know, that (till thou ſhalt repent) no part
Belongs to thee of what is his deſert
His princely vertues, to his owne availe,
Shall profit much: but they to thee ſhall faile.
To thee his clemency ſhall ſeeme ſevere,
His favours all, ſhall injuries appeare;
And when thy ſinne is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and people, then, alike ſhall be.
Thou ſhalt have *Babes* to be thy *Kings*; or worſe,
Thoſe *Tyrants* who by cruelty and force
Shall take away thy ancient *freedomes* quite,
From all their Subjects; yea themſelves delight,
In their vexations: and, all thoſe that are
Made ſlaves thereby, ſhall murther, yet not dare
To ſtirre againſt them. By degeers they ſhall
Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all;
Compell thee (as in other Lands, this day)
For thine owne meat, and thine owne drink: to pay.

And, at the laſt beginne to exerciſe
Upon thy ſonnes, all heathniſh tyrannies,
As juſt *Prerogatiues* To theſe intents,
Thy Nobles ſhall become their inſtruments.
For they who had their birth from noble races,
Shall (ſome and ſome) be brought into diſgraces:
From offices they ſhall excluded ſtand:
And all their vertuous off-ſpring from the Land,
Shall quite be wothe: in ſtead of whom ſhall riſe
A brood advanced by impieties,
By flattery, by purchaſe, and by that
Which ev'ry truely-noble one doth hate.
From ſtems obſcure, and out of meane profeſſions,
They ſhall aſcend and mount by their ambitions,
To ſeats of *Juſtice*; and thoſe *Nam's* to beare,
Which honor'd moſt within theſe Kingdomes are.
And being thither got, ſhall make more ſtrong
Their new-built *Greatneſſe*, by encreaſing wrong.
To thoſe, will ſome of theſe themſelves unite,
Who by their births to Lordly *Stile* have right;
But, viciouſly conſuming their eſtate,
Did from their fathers worths degenerate.
By this *Confederacy*, their nobler bloods
Shall countenance the others ill-got goods;
The others wealth againe, ſhall keepe from ſcorne
Their beggery, who have beene nobly borne:
And, both together, being elſe unable,
(In this ill-courſe to make their ſtanding ſtable)
Shall ſeeke how they more great, & ſtrong, may grow
By compaſſing the publike over-throw.
They ſhall abuſe thy *Kings*, with tales, and lies;
With ſeeming love, and ſervile flatteries.
They ſhall perſwade them they have pow'r to make
Their *Wils*, their *Law*; and as they pleaſe to take

Their

There peoples goods, their children and their lives,
Ev'n by their juſt and due *Prerogatives*.
When thus much they have made them to beleeve,
Then they ſhall teach them practices to grieve
Their ſubjects by; and, inſtruments become
To helpe the ſcrewing up, by ſome and ſome,
Of *Monarchies* to *Tyrannies*. They ſhall
Abuſe *Religion*, *Honeſtie*, and all.
To compaſſe their deſignes. They ſhall deviſe
Strange projects; and with impudence, and lyes,
Proceed in ſetling them. They ſhall forget
Thoſe reverent uſages, which doe befit
The majeſtie of *State*; and raile, and ſtorme,
When they pretend diſorders to reforme.
In their high *Counſels*, and where men ſhould have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
When they offend, they ſhall be threatned there,
Or ſcoft, or taunted, though no cauſe appeare.
It is unſeemly for a *Judge* to ſit
And exerciſe a jibing Schoole-boyes wit
Vpon their trades, or names, who ſtand before
Their judgement ſeats; but who doth not abhor
To heare it, when a Magiſtrate objects,
Birth, poverty, or perſonall defects
In an upbraiding wiſe? Or, who with me
Derides it not, when in our *Courts* we ſee
Thoſe men, whoſe bodies are both old and weake,
(Forgetting grave and uſefull things to ſpeake)
Vent Giants words, and briſtle up, as tho
Their very breath could armies overthrow:
Whereas (poore weaklings) were there in their *places*
No more authority, then in their faces,
Their perſons, or their language, all their chafing,
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.

For unto me big looks, and crying *boh*,
As dreadfull seemes, as when a child cryes *boh*
To fright his Nurse, yea such a bugbeare fashion
Effecteth nought but scornefull indignation.
But in those times (which nearer are then some
Suppose perhaps) such Rhetoricke will come
To be in use; and arguments of *Reason*,
And just proceeding, will be out of season.
Their *Wisedome* shall be folly; and, goe nigh
To bring contempt on their Authority.
Their *Councell Table* shall a snare be made,
And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,
At first appearance shall be urg'd to say
Some word or other, e're they part away,
Which will betray their innocence to blame,
And bring upon them detriment and shame:
Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,
Concerning such oppressors well foretold)
To humble crouchings, and to fained showes,
Descend they shall, to worke mens overthrowes;
And what their subtilty doth faile to gaine,
They shall by rigour, and by force obtaine.
What ever from thy people they can teare,
Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
A prize which had beene taken from the Foe:
And they shall make no conscience what they doe
To prejudice *Posterity*. For, they
To gaine their lust, but for the present day,
Shall with such love unto themselves endeavor,
That (though they knew it would undoe for ever
Their owne posterity) it shall not make
Those *Monsters* any better course to take.
Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,
To such uncomely reprobated senses:

And

And blinde them ſo, that (when the axe they ſee
Ev'n hewing at the root of their owne tree,
By their owne handy ſtrokes) they ſhall not grieve
For their approaching fall: no, nor beleeve
Their fall approacheth; nor aſſume that heed
Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.
Thy *Princes, Brittaine*, in thoſe dayes, will be
Like roaring *Lyons*, making prey of thee.
God ſhall deliver thee into their hand.
And they ſhall act their pleaſure in the Land;
As one his *Prophet* threatned to that Nation,
Which doth exemplifie thy *Deſolation*.
Thy Kings (as thou haſt wallowed in exceſſe)
Shall take delight in drinke, and wantonneſſe.
And, thoſe who thou doſt call thy *Noble-ones*
Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.
Thy *Lawyers* fulfully ſhall wreſt thy *Lawes*,
And (to the ruine of the common Cauſe)
Shall miſ-interpret them, in hope of grace
From thoſe, who may diſpoyle them of their place.
Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both
By *Conſcience*, by their *Calling*, and their *Oath*
To put in execution, they ſhall feare,
And, leave them helpeleſſe, who oppeſſed are.
Thy *Prelates* in the ſpoyle of thee ſhall ſhare;
Thy *Prieſts*, as light ſhall be, as thoſe that are
The meaneſt perſons. All their Prophecies,
Or preachings, ſhall be herifies and lies.
The word of truth in them ſhall not remaine,
Their lips no wholſome knowledge ſhall retaine,
And all his outward meanes of *ſaving Grace*,
Thy God ſhall carry to another place.
Marke well oh *Britaine*! what I now ſhall ſay,
And doe not ſleihhtly paſſe theſe words away;

But, be assured that when God begins,
To bring that vengeance on thee, for thy sinnes,
Which hazzard will with totall over-throw,
Thy *Prophets*, and thy *Priests* shall slidly sow
The seeds of that dissention and sedition,
Which time will ripen for thy sad perdition.
Ev'n they, who formerly, were of thy peace
The happy instruments, shall then increase
Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Iewes*
Gods truth-presaging *Prophets* did abuse,
He suffered those who preached in his *Name*,
Such falshoods as the chiefest cause became
Of their destruction: so if thou go on
To make a scorne (as thou hast often done)
Of them who seeke thy welfare, he will send
False *Prophets*, that shall bring thee to thine end.
By saying all things thou wouldest have them say:
And lulling thee asleepe in thine owne way.
If any brain-sick *Fellow*, whom the Devill
Seduceth to inflict on thee some evill,
Shall coyne false Doctrines, or perswade thee to
Some foolish course that will, at length, undoe
The *Common-weale*: his counsell thou shalt follow;
Thou, cover'd with his bait, a hooke shalt swallow
To rend thine entralles: and thine ignorance
Shall also for that mischiefe, him advance.
But if that any lover of thy weale,
Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeale,
Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,
His *Messages* shall stiffly be withstood:
That *Seer* shall be charged not to see;
His word shall sleighted as a potsherd be:
His life shall be traduced, to disgrace
His Counsells; or, his errant to debase:

In stead of recompence he shall be sure,
Imprisonments, or threatnings to procure:
And peradventure (as those Prophets were,
Who did among the *Iewish* Peers declare
Their States enormities) his good intention,
May be so rong'd, that he, by some invention,
May loose his life, with publike shame and hate,
As one that is a troubler of the *State*.
But not unlesse the *Priest* thereto consent:
For in those dayes shall few men innocent
Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)
In which thy *Clergie* shall not have some hand.
If ever in the Fields (as God forbid)
The blood of thine owne *children* shall be shed
By civill discord, they shall blow the flame,
That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.
And thus it shall be kindled. When the times
Are nigh at worst; and thy increasing crimes
Almost compleat; the Devill shall begin
To bring strange crotchets, and opinons in
Among thy *Teachers*, which will breede dissension,
And interrupt the visible communion
Of thy establisht *Church*. And, in the steed
Of zealous *Pastors*, (who Gods flock did feed)
There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
A *Clergie*, that shall more desire to fleece,
Then feede the flocke. A *Clergy* it shall be,
Divided in it selfe: and they shall thee
Divide among them, into sev'rall factions:
which rend thee will, and fill thee with destructions:
They all in ourward seeming shall pretend
Gods glory, and to have one pious end:
But, under colour of sincere devotion,
Their study shall be temporall promotion;

Which

Which will among themſelves ſtrange quarrels make
Wherein thy other children ſhall petrtake.
As to the *Perſons*, or the *Cauſe*, they ſtand
Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*.
One part of theſe will for preferment ſtrive,
By lifting up the *King's* prerogative
Above it ſelfe. They ſhall perſwade him to
Much more then *Law* or *Conſcience* bids him do;
And ſay, God warrants it. His holy *Lawes*
They ſhall pervert, to juſtifie their cauſe;
And, impudently wreſt, to prove their ends,
What God, to better purpoſes, intends.
They ſhall not bluſh to ſay, that ev'ry *King*,
May doe like *Solomon*, in every thing,
As if they had his warrant: and ſhall dare
Aſcribe to *Monarches*, rights that proper are
To none but Chriſt; and mixt their flatteries,
With no leſſe groſſe and wicked blaſphemies.
Then *Heathens* did: yea, make their *Kings* beleeve,
That whoſoever they oppreſſe or greive,
It is no wrong; nor fit for men oppreſſed,
To ſeeke by their owne *Lawes* to be redreſſed.
Such councell ſhall thy *Princes* then provoke,
To caſt upon thee *Rehoboams* yoake.
And, they not caring, or not taking heed
How ill that ill-adviſed *King* did ſpeed,
Shall multiply thy cauſes of diſtraction.
For, then, will of thy *Prieſts*, the other faction
Beſtir themſelves. They will in outward ſhowes,
Thoſe whom I laſt have mentioned, oppoſe.
But, in thy ruine, they will both agree,
As in one *Center*, though farre off they be
In their *Diameter*. With lowly zeale,
An envious pride they fully ſhall conceale:

And

And, as the former to thy *Kings* will teach
Meere *Tyranny*: ſo ſhall theſe other preach
Rebellion to the people; and ſhall ſtraine
The word of God, Sedition to maintaine.
They ſhall not feare to ſay, that if thy *King*
Become a *Tyrant*, thou maiſt alſo fling
Obedience off; or from his Crowne divorce him;
Or, by the terror of drawne ſwords enforce him.
Which falſe *Divinity*, ſhall to the Devill
Send many ſoules, and bring on thee much evill.
Oh! be thou therefore watchfull; and when e're
Theſe *Lambs* with *Dragons* voyces doe appeare,
Repent thy ſinne, or take it for a token,
That ſome great *Bulwarke* of thy peace is broken,
Which muſt be ſoone repaired; or elſe, all
The greatneſſe of thy glory, downe will fall.
Take heede of thoſe *falſe prophets*, who will ſtrive
Betwixt thy *Prince* and *people* to contrive
A diſagreement. And, what ever come,
Thy due *Allegeance* never ſtart thou from.
For (their oppreſſions though we may withſtand
By pleading *Lawes*, or *Cuſtomes*) not a hand
Muſt move againſt them, ſave the hand of God,
Who makes a *King*, a *Bulwarke*, or a *Rod*,
As pleaſeth him. Oh! take ye therefore heed
Yee *People*, and ye *Kings* (that ſhall ſucceed)
Of theſe *Impoſtors*. Of the laſt beware
Yee *Subjects*: for, their Doctrines helliſh are.
And though they promiſe *Liberty* and *Peace*,
Your Thraldome, and your Troubles they'll increaſe.
Shun oh! yee *Kings* the firſt; for, they adviſe
What will your Crownes and honors prejudice.
When you doe thinke their *Prophecies* befriend you,
They doe but unto *Ramoth-Gilead* ſend you,

Where

Where you ſhall periſh; and poore *Micahs* word,
Though leſſe eſteem'd more ſafety will afford.
They will abuſe your *piety*, and all
Your *vertues*. For their wicked ends they ſhall
Apply the Sacred Story; or what ever
May ſeeme to further their unjuſt endevor.
Ev'n what the ſon of *Hannah* told the *Iewes*,
Should be their ſcourge (becauſe they did refuſe
The ſov'raignty of God, and were ſo vaine
To aske a *King* which over them might raigne
As heathen *Princes* did) that curſe they ſhall
Affirme to be a Law *Monarchicall*
Which God himſelfe eſtabliſhed to ſtand
Throughout all ages, and in ev'ry land.
Which is as good *Divinity*, as they
Have alſo taught, who doe not bluſh to ſay
That Kings may have both *Wives* and *Concubines*;
And, by that Rule whereby theſe great Divines
Shall prove their *Tenet*, I dare undertake
(If found it hold) that I like prooſe will make
Of any *Iewiſh* Cuſtome, and deviſe
Authority for all abſurdities.
But, falſe it is. For might all Kings at pleaſure
(As by the right of royaltie) make ſeaſure
Of any mans poſſeſſions: why i pray
Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* ſaid him nay?
Why made he not this anſwer thereunto,
(If what the *Prophet* ſaid ſome *Kings* would do,
Were juſtly to be done) *Thy vineyards mine*;
And at my pleaſure, Naboth, *all that's thine*
Aſſume I may, like a Turky-chick,
Did he ſo fooliſhly grow ſullen-ſick,
And get poſſeſſion by a wicked fact
Of what might have beene his by royall act?

If

If ſuch Divinity, as this were true,
The *Queene* ſhould not have needed to purſue
Poore *Naboth*, as ſhe did; or, ſo contrive
His death; ſince by the Kings *Prerogative*,
She might have got his *Vinyard*. Nor would God
Have ſcourg'd that murther with ſo keene a rod,
On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due.
For, he did neither plot, nor yet purſue
The murther; nor (for ought that we can tell)
Had knowledge of the deed of *Iezabel*,
Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him,
Nor is it ſaid, that *Naboth* wrong did do him,
Or diſreſpect; in that he did not yeeld,
To ſell, or give, or to exchange his Field.
The Iewiſh *Commonwealth* did ſo inſtate,
That, their poſſeſſions none could alienate,
But for a time; who ever, for his mony,
Or in exchange, deſir'd their patrimony.
And, doubtleſſe, we offend, who at this day
Thoſe fredomes give, or loſe, or ſell away,
Which were in common right poſſeſt of old,
By our Forefathers; and, continue ſhould
To all their after commers. For, altho
We may diſpoſe of what pertaines unto
Our perſons: yet, thoſe dues which former ages
have left unto us for our heritages,
(And whereunto, the child that borne muſt be,
Hath ev'ry whit as good a right as we)
Thoſe dues we ſhould preſerve with all our might,
By pleading of our juſt and ancient rgiht,
In humble wiſe; if ſo the Sov'raigne ſtate
Our freedome ſhall attempt to violate.
But, when by peacefull meanes we cannot ſave it,
We to the pleaſure of the King muſt leave it,

And unto God our Judge: for all the pow'r
In us, consists in saying, *This is our.*
A King is for a blessing, or a curse;
And therefore (though a *Foole* he were, or worse,
A *Tyrant*, or an *Ethnick*) no man may
So much as in their private closets, pray
Against his person; though they moy petition
Against the wickednesse of his condition.
Nor, is this sufferance due to those alone,
Who subject are unto a *Monarchs* throne,
But, from all those who either subjects are
To mixed Goyernment, or popular.
For, though irregularities appeare
In ev'ry State; because but men they are
Whom Gods exalts to rule: yet, it is he
By whom all Governments ordained be.
And ev'ry *Goverment* (although the *Name*
Be different) is in effect the same.
In *Monarchies*, the *Counsell* (as it were
An *Aristocracy*) one while doth beare
The sway of all; and though they name the King,
Yet, him they over-rule in ev'ry thing.
Sometime againe, the pop'lar voice we see,
Doth awe the *Counsell*, when in them there be
Some pop'lar *Spirits*. *Aristocracies*
Are otherwhile the same with *Monarchies*,
For, one great man among them gets the pow'r,
From all the rest, and like an *Emperor*,
Doth act his pleasure. And we know tis common
To have some foolish *Favorite*, or *Woman*,
To governe him. So in a pop'lar State,
Affaires are manag'd by the selfe same fate;
And either one or more, away doe steale
The peoples hearts, and sway the Commonweale.

Thus,

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raiſe:
Thus, he by ſev'rall *names*, and ſev'rall *waies*,
The world doth governe. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,
And in one State, he makes much alteration
In formes of *Goverment*; of changing that
Which is but accidentall to a *State*.
And, ſuch his *Iuſtice*, and his *Wiſedome* is;
That he preſerveth by the meanes of this,
Thoſe things which doe eſſentially pertaine
To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.
Nor is he pleaſed thus it ſhould be done
In *States* that meerely civill are alone;
But, alſo, in the *Churches* governments,
Allowes the change of outward accidents.
Yea, they to whom he gives the overſights
Of ſome particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*,
The *Cuſtomes*, *Formes*, or *Titles*, as occaſions
Are offered them; or, as the Times, or Nations,
Require a change: provided ſo, that they
Take nothing which eſſentiall is, away;
Nor adde what ſhall repugne or prejudice
Gods Lawes, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*
Of them that are his people. For, in what
Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that
Which is indifferent? Or, in what I pray
Will men the *Church* authority obey,
If not in ſuch like things? Or, who ſhould be
The *Iudge* what is indifferent, if not ſhe?
A private *Spirit* knowes what beſt agrees
With his owne fancy; but, the *Church* beſt ſees,
What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives
Offence to one, another man receives
Much comfort: and, his conſcience edifies,
By diſciplines, which many doe deſpiſe.

A *Parish* is a little *Dioceſſe*;
And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,
A *Biſhopricke* conſiſts: ſo, that doth riſe
By Tythings, Hamlets, and by Families.
And little difference would be in the ſame,
(Excepting in the largeneſſe and the name)
If their opinions were allow'd of all,
Who favour not the ſtile *Epiſcopall*:
For, ev'ry *Prieſt* would then uſurpe the ſame
Authority, whereof ſome hate the name.
Yea, many a one would then his Pariſh make
A little *Popedome*, and upon him take
(Conſidering his meane pow'r) as much as he
That *Univerſall Biſhop* claimes to be:
And prove more proud, and troubleſome, then they
Againſt whoſe *Lordlineſſe* they now inveigh.

This therefore is my *Rule*; that *Governement*
(What e're it be) in which to me God lent
My birth and breeding; that, untill my end,
I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.
Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay
No more obedience, then by law I may:
Ev'n by thoſe *Lawes* and *Cuſtomes* which doe ſtand
In force, and unrepealed in that land.

What right another had, e're I was borne
Or how, or for what ſinne, Gods hand hath torne
His Kingdome from him, I will never care;
Let them goe anſwer that who *Subjects* were,
(When loſt it was) and had that meanes, and calling,
And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.

Or ſhould another *Country* take me home
As one of hers; when thither I did come
I would not ſeek, nor wiſh to innovate
The *Titles*, or the *Cuſtomes* of that *State*,

To

To what ſome other Countries better thought:
But, leave ſuch things to thoſe to whom I ought.
And, there, if any *Faction* ſhall conſtraine
That I one part muſt take, I will maintaine
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither;
And, I and that will ſtand and fall together.
The ſame obedience, alſo, keepe I ſhall,
To governments *Eccleſiaſticall*
Where e're I come; if nothing they command
Which doth Gods word, eſſentially, withſtand:
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart
His glory, or the purity pervert
Of Chriſtian Principles, nor further ſtrife,
Nor cauſe, nor countenance an evill life.
The *Hyerarchy*, here, I will obey,
And reverence, while I in *England* ſtay.
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny
No due reſpect to their *Presbyterie*.
Geneva ſhould I viſit, I would there
Submit my ſelfe to what their cuſtomes were.
Yea, whereſoe're I am, I will ſuppoſe
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes
What beſt that place befitteth, then I do:
And, I will live conformed thereunto,
In ev'ry thing that's meerly politick,
And injuries not the Doctrines *Catholick*.
To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'le be the ſame,
By whatſoever cognizance, or name,
Men pleaſe to call it. If I ſhould be ſent
To *Poland*, where a mixed government
Eſtabliſht is; I would not tell them, there,
That any other Cuſtome better were.
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine
Democrity; and, thinke to make it plaine,

That for theſe *Times*, thoſe *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,
There could not be a better *Domination*.
In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*
I would prefer an *Ariſtocratie*.
In *Spaine*, and *France*, and in great *Britaine* here
I hold no Goverments more perfect are
Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will ſhould be,
Beneath a *Tyrant* to envaſſaile me,
I would perſwade my ſelfe, that heavy yoake
Were beſt, for ſome reſpects; and, to the ſtroke
Ev'n of an iron Mace would ſubject be,
In *Body*; with a *minde* that ſhould be free
From his inforcement, (if he did withſtand,
Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)
There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lies
Ev'n juſt betwixt the two extremities,
Which to *ſedition*, and to *faction* tend.
To find which tract, my whole deſire I bend;
And wiſh it follow'd more. For, if we tread
That harmeleſſe path, we cannot be miſ-led;
Nor ſham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man
I faine would give his due; and all I can
I doe endeavour it. I would not wrong
My *Country*; neither take what doth belong
To *Ceſar*: nor infringe, or prejudice,
The vniveſall *Churches* liberties;
Nor for her outward *Diſcipline* prefer
Or cenſure, any *Church* particular;
Or any *State*, but as befit it may,
His *Muſe*, which nought but needfull truths doth ſay.
Nor have I any purpoſe to withdraw
Obedience, or reſpect from any *Law*
That's poſitive; or, to diſhearten from
Thoſe *Cuſtomes*, which a Chriſtian ſtate become.

Nor

Nor have I any thought to ſcandalize,
Or ſpeake a miſſe of Principalities;
Or, to traduce mens perſons: but, I fall
On errors of mens lives in generall,
And, on thoſe great abuſes, which I ſee
To blemiſh ev'ry *Calling* and *Degree*
Of *Dignities* and *Perſons*, I obſerve,
All meanes I can, their honours to preſerve,
When I reprove their faults. And, ev'n as he
That hunteth *Foxes*, where *Lambes* feeding be,
May fright that harmeleſſe flock, and ſuffer blame
Of ſome *By-ſtanders*, (knowing not his Game)
When from his Dogs, thoſe innocents are free,
And none but their devourers bitten be.
So, though my reprehenſions, often are
Miſtooke by fooliſh Readers; they are far
From reprehending thoſe, or taxing that
Which is unfitting for my ſhooting at.
I ſpeake thoſe things which will advantage rather
Then harme: and hence this blinded age may gather
Much light. Thich little volume doth relate
Nought elſe but what is like to be our fate,
If ſin increaſe; and what in former times
Did fall on other *Nations* for their crimes.
I utter what our welfare may increaſe,
And helpe confirme us in a happy peace;
Which they will never compaſſe, who purſue
To ſpeake what's pleaſing, rather then what's true,
How ever, here my thoughts deliv'red be:
Let God, as he ſhall pleaſe, deliver me.
And if what here is mention'd, thou doſt heed
(Oh *Brittaine*!) in thoſe times that ſhall ſucceed,
It may prevent much loſſe, and make thee ſhun
Thoſe miſchiefes, whereby Kingdomes are undone.

But,

But, to thy other ſins, if thou ſhalt adde
Rebellions (as falſe *Prophets* will perſwade)
Which likely are to follow, when thou ſhalt
In thy profeſſion of *Religion* halt:
Then, will thy *Kings* and *People* ſcourge each other,
For their offences, till both fall together:
By weakning of your pow'rs, to make them way,
Who ſeeke and look for that unhappy day.
Then, ſhall diſorder ev'ry where abound
And neither juſt nor pious man be found
The beſt ſhall be a *Brier* or a *Thorne*,
By whom their neighbours ſhall be ſcratcht and torne.
Thy *Princes* ſhall to nothing condiſcend
For any merit, juſt, or pious end;
But either for encreaſing of their treaſure,
Or for accompliſhing their wilfull pleaſure:
And unto what they ſell or daine for meede,
There ſhall be given little truſt or heed.
For, that which by their words confirme they ſhall,
(The royall Seales uniting therewithall)
A toy ſhall fruſtate; and a gift ſhall make
Their ſtricteſt *Orders* no effect to take.
The *Iudge*, without a bribe, no *cauſe* ſhall end:
No man ſhall truſt his brother, or his friend:
The parents and the children ſhall deſpiſe
And hate, and ſpoyle each other: ſhe that lies
Within her husbands boſom, ſhall betray him:
They who thy people ſhould protect, ſhall ſlay them:
The aged ſhall regarded be of none:
The poore ſhall by the rich be troden on:
Such grievous inſolencies, every where
Shall acted be, that good and bad ſhall feare
In thee to dwell; and, men diſcreet ſhall hate
To be a *Ruler*, or a *Magiſtrate*;

When

When they behold (without impenitence)
So much injuſtice, and ſuch violence.
And, when thy wickedneſſe this height ſhall gaine,
To which (no doubt) it will e're long attaine,
If thou proceede: Then, from the bow that's bent
(And halfe way drawne already) ſhall be ſent
A mortall arrow; and it pierce thee ſhall
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.
The Lord ſhall call, and whiſtle from afarre,
For thoſe thy enemies that fierceſt are:
For thoſe thou feareſt moſt; and they ſhall from
Their Countries, like a whirlewind hither come,
They ſhall not ſleepe, nor ſtumble, nor untie
Their garments, till within thy field they lye,
Sharpe ſhall their arrowes be, and ſtrong their bow,
Their faces ſhall as full of hor or ſhow
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder
Their troopes of horſe ſhall come, and tread thee under
Their yron feet. Thy foes ſhall eate thy bread,
And with thy flocks both clothed be, and fed.
Thy *Dwellers*, they ſhall carry from their owne,
To *Countries* which their fathers have not knowne.
And, thither ſhall ſuch miſchiefes them purſue,
That they who ſeeke the pit-fall to eſchew,
Shall in a ſnare be taken. If they ſhall
Eſcape the ſword, a ſerpent in the wall
To death ſhall ſting them: yea (although they hap;
To ſhun a hundred plagues) they ſhall not ſcape;
But, with new dangers, ſtill be chac'd about,
Vntill that they are wholly rooted out.
The *Plowman*, then, ſhall be afraid to ſow;
Artificers their labour ſhall forgoe;
The *Marchant* man ſhall croſſe the Seas no more,
(Except to flye and ſeeke ſome other ſhore)

Thy *ableſt-men* ſhall faint: thy *wiſe-ones*, then,
Shall know themſelves to be but fooliſh men.
And they who built and planted by oppreſſion,
Shall leave their gettings to the foes poſſeſſion.
Yea, God will ſcourge thee, *England*, ſeven times more
With ſeven times greater *Plagues* then heretofore,
Then, thy *Allies* their friendſhip ſhall withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatneſſe ſtood in awe,
Shall ſay (in ſcorne) Is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world ſuch reputation,
By *victories* upon the ſhore? are theſe
That people, which were maſter of the ſeas,
And grew ſo mighty? yea that petty Nation,
That were not worthy of thy indignation,
Shall mocke thee too; and all thy former fame,
Forgot ſhall be, or mention'd to thy ſhame.
Marke how Gods *Plagues* were doubled on the *Jewes*
When they his mild corrections did abuſe.
Marke what, at laſt upon their Land he ſent;
And, looke thou for the ſelfe ſame puniſhment,
If them thou imitateſt. For their ſin,
At firſt, but eight yeares *Bondage* they were in.
Their wickedneſſe grew more; and God did then,
To *Eglon*, make them ſlaves, eight yeares and ten
They diſobeying, ſtill, the God of heaven;
Their yeare of *Servitude* were twenty ſeven,
To *Jabin* and to *Midian*. Then, prevailed
Philiſtia forty yeares; and, when that failed,
To make them of their evill waies repent;
There was, among themſelves, a fatall rent;
And, they oft ſcourg'd each other. Still, they trod
The ſelfeſame path; and, then the hand of God
Brought *Aſſur* on them; and, did make them beare
His heavie yoake, untill the ſeventeenth yeare.

And

And laſt of all the *Roman* Empire came,
Which from their *Country* rooted out their *Name*,
That fooliſh project which they did imbrace,
To keep them in poſſeſſion of their *place*,
Did looſe it. And, like *Cain*, that vagrant *Nation*,
Hath now remain'd in fearefull *Deſolation*
Nigh ſixteene hundred yeares: and, whatſoe're
Some lately dreame) in vaine, they looke for here
A temp'rall *Kingdome*. For, as long agoe
Their *Pſalmiſt* ſaid; *No Prophet doth foreſhow*
This thraldoms end. Nor ſhall it end untill
The *Gentiles* their juſt number doe fulfill:
Which is unlike to be untill that houre,
In which there ſhall be no more temporall pow'r,
Of temporall *Kingdome*. Therefore gather them
(Oh Lord!) unto thy new *Ieruſalem*,
In thy due time. For, yet unto that place
They have a promiſt right, by thy meere grace.
To thoſe who ſhall repent, thy firme *Election*
Continues in this temporall rejection.
Oh! ſhew thy mercy in their deſolation,
That thou maiſt honor'd be in their ſalvation
Yea, teach us alſo, by their fearefull fall,
To harken to thy voyce, when thou doſt call;
(Leſt thou in anger, unto us proteſt,
That we ſhall never come into thy reſt)
For, we have follow'd them in all their ſin:
Such, and ſo many, have our warnings bin:
And if thou ſtill prolong not thy compaſſion,
To us belongs the ſelfeſame *Deſolation*.
And it will ſhortly come, with all thoſe terrors
That we on them inflicted, for their errors.
Then, woe ſhall be to them that heretofore
By joyning houſe, to houſe expell'd the poore;

And field have into field incoporated,
Vntill their *Townſhip* were depopulated.
For, deſolate their dwelling ſhall be made:
Ev'n in their blood the Lord ſhall bathe his blade:
And they that have by avarice, and wiles,
Erected Pallaces and coſtly Piles;
Shall thinke, the ſtones and timbers in the wall,
Aloud, to God, for vengeance on them call.
Then, woe ſhall be to them who early riſe
To eate and drinke, and play, and wantonnize;
Still adding ſin to ſin: for, they the paine
Of cold, and thirſt, and hunger, ſhall ſuſtaine;
And be the ſervile ſlaves of them that are
Their foes, as to their luſts they captives were.
Then woe to them who darkeneſſe more have lov'd
Then light; and good advice have diſapprov'd:
For, they ſhall wander in a crooked path,
Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath.
And, when for *Guides*, and *Counſell* they doe cry,
Not one ſhall pitty them, who paſſeth by.
Then, woe to them that have corrupted bin,
To juſtifie the *wicked* in his ſinne;
Or, for a bribe, the *righteous* to condemne:
For, flames (as on the chaffe) ſhall ſeize on them:
Their bodies to the dunghill ſhall be caſt:
Their flowre ſhall turne to duſt; their ſtock ſhall waſt;
And all the glorious titles they have worne,
Shall but increaſe their infamy and ſcorne,
Then woe to them that have beene rais'd aloft
By good mens ruines; and by laying ſoft
And eaſie pillowes, under great mens armes,
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charmes.
Then, woe to them who being growne afraid
Of ſome nigh perill, ſought unlawfull aid;

And, ſetting Gods protection quite aſide,
Vpon their owne inventions have rely'd:
For, God their fooliſh hopes will bring to nought;
On them, their feared miſchiefe ſhall be brought;
And, all their wit and ſtrength, ſhall not ſuffice,
To have their ſorrow off, which on them lies.
Yea, then, oh *Britaine*! woe to ev'ry one,
That hath without repentance evill done:
For, thoſe who doe not heed, nor beare in mind
His viſitings, Gods reaching hand will find;
And they with howling cries and lamentation,
Shall ſue and ſeeke, in vaine, for his compaſſion.
Becauſe they careleſſe of his Mercies were,
Till in conſumming wrath he did appeare.
But, ſtill, we ſet far off that evill day;
In dull *ſecurity* we paſſe away
Our pretious time; and with vaine hopes and toyes,
Build up a truſt which ev'ry puffe deſtroyes.
And therefore, ſtill when healing is expected,
New and uulookt for troubles are effected.
We gather *Armies*, and we *Fleets* prepare;
And, then, both ſtrong and ſafe we thinke we are.
But, when we looke for victories, and glory,
What followes, but events that make us ſory?
And tis Gods mercy that we turne our faces
With ſo few loſſes, and no more diſgraces.
For, what are moſt of thoſe whom we commend
Such actions to; and whom we forth do ſend
To fight thoſe *Battles*, which the *Lords* we call,
But, ſuch as never fight for him at all?
Whom doſt thou make thy *Captaines*, and diſpoſe
Such *Offices* unto, but unto thoſe
(Some few excepted) who procure by friends,
Command and pay, to ſerve their private ends?

Their

Their language, and their practices declare,
That entertained by Gods *Foe* they were.
Their whoring, ſwearing, and their drunkenneſſe,
Do far more plainely to the world expreſſe
What *Generall* they doe belong unto,
Then all their *Feathers* and their *Enſignes* doe.
Theſe by their unrepented ſinnes, betray
Thy *Cauſe*. By theſe, the honour, and the day
Is loſt: and when thou hopeſt that thy trouble
Shall have and end, thy danger waxeth double.
We wiſht for *Parliaments*; and them we made
Our God: for, all the hope that many had
To remedy the publike diſcontent,
Was by the wiſedome of a *Parliament*.
Well; *Parliaments* we had; and what in beeing,
Succedeth yet, but greater diſagreeing,
With greater *grievances* then heretofore?
And reaſon good: for, we depended more
On outward meanes, then on Gods will that ſends
All puniſhments; and all afflictions ends.
Beleeve it, ſhould our *Parliaments* agree
In ev'ry motion: ſhould our *Sov'raigne* be
So gracious, as to condiſcend to all
Which for his weale and ours, propoſe we ſhall;
Ev'n that *Agreement*, till our ſins we leave,
Shall make us but ſecure; and helpe to weave
A ſnare, by whoſe fine threads we ſhall be caught,
Before we ſee the miſchiefe that is wrought.
Whilſt we by *Parliament* doe chiefly ſeeke
Mere temp'rall ends, the King ſhall doe the like:
Yea, till in them we mutually agree
To helpe each other; and unfained be
In lab'ring for a Chriſtian *Reformation*;
Each Meeting ſhall beget a new vexation.

This

This *Iland* hath hath ſome ſenſe of what ſhe ayle,
And very much, theſe evill times bewailes:
But, not ſo much our ſins doe we lament,
Or mourne, that God for them is diſcontent,
As that the *Plagues* they being diſturb our pleaſures,
Encreaſe our dangers, and exhauſt our treaſures.
And, for theſe cauſes, now and then we *faſt*,
And *pray*, as long as halfe a day doth laſt.
For, if the Sunne doe but a little cleare
That cloud, from which a tempeſt we doe feare,
What kind of griefe we tooke, we plainely ſhew
By thoſe rejoycings which thereon enſue:
For, in the ſtead of ſuch due thankefulneſſe,
As Chriſtian zeale obligeth to expreſſe;
To pleaſure (not to God) we ſacrifice;
Renew our ſinne; revive our vanities;
And, all our vowed gratitude expires,
In Games, in Guns, in Bels, in Healths, or Fires.
We faine would be at peace; but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be ſo.
We have not that humility which muſt
Effect it: we are falſe, and cannot truſt
Each other; no nor God with true confeſſions:
Which ſhewes that we abhor not our tranſgreſſions.
It proves, that of our errors, we in heart
Repent not, neither purpoſe to depart
From any folly. For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, doe nothing feare
So much as their owne guilt; nor ſeeke to gaine
Ought more, then to be reconcil'd againe:
And they that are thus minded, never can
Be long unreconcil'd to God, or man.
When we ſhould ſtoope, we moſt our ſelves exalt
And (though we be) would not be thought in fault.

Nay

Nay, though we faulty be, and thought and knowne,
And proved ſo, and ſee that we are throwne
By our apparent errors, into ſtraits,
From which we cannot get by all our ſleights.
Yet, ſtill our ſelves we vaunt and juſtifie,
And ſtruggle, till the ſnare we faſter tye.
We ſin, and we to boaſt it have no ſhame,
Yet ſtorme when others doe our follies name:
And rather then we will ſo much as ſay
We did amiſſe (though that might wipe away
The ſtaine of all) I thinke that ſome of us
So wilfull are, ſo proud, and miſchievous,
That we our ſelves, would ruine, and our *Nation*,
To keepe our ſhadow of a *Reputation*.
Oh! if we are thus headſtrong, tis unlike
We any part of our proud ſailes will ſtrike
Till they have ſuncke our veſſell in the Sea,
Or by the furious windes, are torne away.
Twere better, tho, we did confeſſe our wound,
Then hide it till our ſtate grew more unſound.
Twere better we ſome wealth, or office loſt,
Then keepe them, till our lives, and all, it coſt:
And therefore, let us wiſely be adviſed,
Before we by a tempeſt be ſurpriſed.
Downe firſt with our *Top-gallants*, and our *Flags*;
In ſtormes the skilfull'ſt Pilots make no brags.
Let us (if that be not enough) let fall
Our *Miſne-yeard*, and ſtrike our top-ſailes all.
If this we finde be not enough to doe,
Strike Fote-ſaile, Sprit-ſaile yea and Main-ſaile too.
And, rather then our *Ship* ſhould ſink or rend;
Let's over-board, goods, maſt and tackling ſend.
Save but the *Hull*, the *Maſter*, and the *Men*;
And we may live to ſcoure the ſeas agen.

Beleeve

Beleeve it *England*, howſoever ſome
(Who ſhould foreſee thy *plagues* before they come)
Endeavour to perſwade thee that thou haſt
A hopefull time, and that the worſt is paſt.
Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou haſt nigh
Worne out Gods patience by impiety.
And, that unleſſe the ſame we doe renue
By penitence, our folly we ſhall rue.
But, what am I, that me thou ſhould'ſt beleeve?
Or, unto what I tell thee, credit give?
It may be this adultrous *Generation*
Expecteth tokens of her deſolation;
And therefore I will give them ſignes of that
Which they are now almoſt arrived at.
Not ſignes, ſo myſticall as moſt of thoſe
Which did the ruine of the *Iewes* diſcloſe;
But, *ſignes* as evident as are the day.
For, know ye *Britaines*, that what God did ſay
Ieruſalems deſtruction ſhould foreſhew,
He ſpake to ev'ry *State* that ſhould enſue.
And, that he nought of her, or to her ſpake,
For hers alone, but alſo for our ſake.
One *ſigne* that Gods long-ſuffering we have tired,
And that his patience is almoſt expired.
Is this; that many judgements he hath ſent,
And ſtill remov'd them e're we did repent.
For, God (ev'n by his *Holineſſe*) did ſweare,
(Saith *Amos*) ſuch a Nation he will teare
With bryers, and with Fiſh hookes rend away
The whole poſterity of ſuch as they.
Cleane teeth (ſaith God) *I gave them; and with bread*
In many places, them I ſcantly fed;
And yet they ſought me not: Then I reſtrained
The dewes of heav'n; upon this Field I rained,

And

And not on that; yea, to one City came
Some two or three, to quench their thirsty flame;
Yet, to returne to me, no care they tooke;
With Blasings then, and Mildewes, I them strooke;
And mixt among their Fruits the Palmer-worme;
Yet, they their lives did not a jot reforme:
Then did I send the Pestilence (saith he)
Devoured by the Sword, their young men be;
Their Horse are slaine, and up to heaven ascends
Their stinke; yet I discover no amends

The selfe same things thy God in thee hath done,
Oh *England*! yet, here followes thereupon
So small amendment, that they are a *signe*
To thee; and their sharpe Judgement, will be thine.

The second *Token* which doth fore-declare
When *Cities States*, and *Realmes*, declining are,
Ev'n *Christ* himselfe hath left us: for, (saith he)
When Desolation shall approaching be,
Of wars, and warlike rumours ye shall heare;
Rare signes and tokens will in heaven appeare;
Downe from the Firmament, the starres shall fall;
The hearts of many men, then, faile them shall;
There will be many scandals and offences;
Great earthquakes, Schismes, Dearths, and Pestilences,
Realme, Realme; and Nation, Nation shall oppose;
The neerest friends, shall be the greatest foes.
Against the Church shall many tyrannize;
Deceivers, and false Prophets, shall arise;
In ev'ry place shall wickednesse abound;
And, Charity shall very cold be fo'und.

This Christ himselfe did Prophecy: and we
Are doubtlesse blind, unlesse confest it be,
That at this houre, upon this Kingdome here,
These markes of Desolation viewed are.

How

How often have we seene prodigious *lights*,
O'respread the face of heav'n in moonlesse nights?
How many dreadfull *Meteors*, have there beene
In this our *Climate*, lately heard and seene?
Who knoweth not that but a while agoe
A *Blazing-Star* did threat, if not foreshow
Gods Judgements? In what age, tofore did heare
So many, who did *Saints* and *Stars* appeare,
Fall (as it were) from heav'n? Or who hath heard
Of greater *Earth-quakes*, then hath lately scar'd
These quarters of the world? How oft, the touch
Of *Famine* have we had? But, when so much
Devoured by the *Pestilence* were we,
As in this present yeare, our people be?
Of *Wars*, and martiall rumors, never more
Were heard within these confines heretofore;
When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations through
The world, so opposite as they are now?
We know no Country, whether nigh or far,
But is engag'd, or threatned with some *War*.
All places, either present woes bewaile;
Or else things feared make mens hearts to faile.
False *Prophets*, and *Deceivers*, we have many;
We scarcely finde integrity in any:
The Name of *Christ*, beginnes in ev'ry place
To suffer persecution and disgrace;
And, we the greatest jeopardies are in,
Among our neighbours, and our neerest kin.
Strange *Heresies* doe ev'ry where encrease,
Disturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.
Impiety doth multiply. True love
Growes cold. And, if these *tokens* doe not prove
Our fall drawes on, unlesse we doe amend:
I know not when our folly shall have end.

A third apparant *ſigne* which doth declare
When ſome devouring *Plague* approacheth neere,
Is when a Nation doth anew begin
To let Idolatry to enter in;
And openly, or ſecretly give place
To *Hereſie*, where *Truth* eſtabliſht was:
Or when like *Jeroboam*, to poſſeſſe
An outward profit, or a temporall peace,
They either change *Religions*, or deviſe
A worſhip which doth mixe Idolatries
With truth. For this, ev'n for this very crime,
The King of *Aſſur*, in *Hoſea's* time
Led *Iſr'el* captive. And, both from the ſight
Of God; and from the houſe of *David* quite,
They were cut off for ever, and did neither
Serve *God* nor *Idols*; but ev'n both together;
In ſuch a mixt *Religion* as is that
Which ſome among us, now, have aymed at.

Marke *England*; and I prethee marke it well,
If this offence which ruin'd *Iſrael*,
On thee appeare not: and, if ſo it be,
Amend; or looke for what it threatens thee.

The fourth true *token* which doth fore-expreſſe
The ruine of a Land for wickedneſſe,
Is when the *Prieſts* and Magiſtrates begin,
To grow extreamly impudent in ſin.
This *Signe*, the Prophet *Micah* giveth us;
And he (not I) to you cryes loudly thus:

Heare, O ye houſe of Jacob, and all ye
That Princes of the houſe of Iſrael be:
Ye Juſtice hate; and ye pervert what's good;
Ye build the wals of Sion up with blond;
Jeruſalem with ſin, ye up have rear'd,
Your Judges paſſe their cenſures for reward;

Your

Your Prieſts doe preach for hire, your Prophets doe
Like them; and prophecy for money too.
And, for this cauſe ſhall Sion *mourn* (ſaith he)
Ev'n like a plowed field become to be;
And like a Forreſt hill where buſhes grow,
The Citie of Jeruſalem ſhall ſhow.

Change but the names, oh *Britain*, and that token
Of deſolation, unto thee is ſpoken.
For, what this day thy *Prieſts* and *Princes* are,
Their actions, and the peoples cryes declare.
A fifth ſure *evidence* that God among
Thy ruines will entomb thy fame e're long,
(If thou repent not) is ev'n this, that thou
Doſt ev'ry day the more ungodly grow,
By how much more the bleſſed meanes of grace
Doth multiply it ſelfe in ev'ry place,
God ſends unto thee many learned Preachers,
Apoſtles, *Paſtors*, and all kind of teachers;
His *Viſions*, and his *Prophecies* upon thee
He multiplies. And (that he might have won thee
To more ſinceritie) on all occaſions,
By counſell, by entreatie, and perſwaſions,
He hath adviſd, allured, and beſought thee:
With precept upon precept, he hath taught thee;
By line on line; by miracle; by reaſon;
In ev'ry place; in ſeaſon, out of ſeaſon;
By little and by little; and by much
(Sometime) at once: yet is thy nature ſuch,
That ſtill thou waxeſt worſe; and in the roome
Of pleaſant Grapes, more Thiſtles daily come:
And, thou that art ſo haughty, and ſo proud,
For this, ſhalt vaniſh like an empty cloud;
And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,
Thy God, for this, ſhall thee in pieces teare.

If thou ſuppoſe my *Muſe* did this deviſe,
Goe take it from *Hoſea's* Propheſies
The ſixth undoubted *ſignall* when the laſt
Good dayes of ſinfull *Realmes* are almoſt paſt;
Is when the people neere to God ſhall draw
In word, to make profeſſion of his *Law*:
And by their tongues his praiſes forth declare,
Yet, in their hearts from him continue far.
To ſuch a *Land*, their deſtiny diſplayes
Iſaiah: for even thus the Prophet ſayes:
God will produce a marvell in that ſtate
And doe a Worke that men ſhall wonder at;
The wiſedome of their wiſeſt Counſellor,
Shall periſh, and their prudent men ſhall erre.
On their deepe Counſels, ſorrow ſhall attend;
Their ſecret plots ſhall have a diſmall end;
Their gidily projects which they have deviſed,
Shall as the Potters clay be quite deſpiſed.
Like Carmel, Lebanon ſhall ſeeme, and he
Like Lebanon, ſhall make mount Carmel be.
Their pleaſant Fields like Deſarts ſhall appeare,
And, there ſhall Gardens be, where Deſarts are.
God keepe (thou *Britiſh Ile*) this plague from thee;
For, ſignes thereof upon thy Body be.
Thou of the pureſt worſhip makſt profeſſion;
Yet, waxeſt more impure in thy condition.
Thou boaſteſt of the knowledge of Gods word,
Yet, thereunto in manners to accord
Thou doſt refuſe. Thou makeſt proteſtation
Of pietie; yet hateſt reformation.
Yea, when thy tongue doth ſing of praiſe divine,
Thy heart doth plot ſome temporall deſigne.
And, ſome of thoſe, who in this wiſe are holy,
Begin to ſhew their wiſedome will be folly.

For

For, when from sight their snares they deepest hide,
By God Almighties eyes they are espide.
The seventh *Symptome* of a dreadfull blow,
(If not of a perpetuall overthrow)
Is when a slumbring Spirit doth surprize
A nation; and hath closed up their eyes:
Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are
So clouded, that plaine truths doe not appeare:
Or when the *Visions* evidently seene
Are passed by, as if they had not beene:
Or when to Nations who can reade, God gives
His *Booke*; and thereof doth unseale the leaves,
And bids them reade the same, which they to do,
Deny; or pleade unableneſſe thereto.
Blacke *signes* are these. For if that *Booke* to them,
Still darke; or as a Booke unsealed seeme;
Or, if they heede no more what here is said,
Then they that have the *Booke*, and cannot reade;
The *Indgements*, last repeated, are the doome,
That shall on such a stupid *Nation* come.
This *signe* is come on us, for, loe, unsealed
Gods *Booke* is now amongst us, and revealed
Are all the *Mysteries* which doe concerne
The children of this present age to learne.
So well hath he instructed this our land,
That we not onely reade, but understand
The secrets of his *Word*. The propheties
Of his chiefe *Seers*, are before our eyes.
Vnveiled true interpretations
Are made, and many proper applications
Ev'n to our selves, yet is our heart so blind,
That what we know and see we doe not mind.
We heare, and speake, and much adoe we keepe;
But we as senselesse are as men asleepe.

What then we doe. Yea, while that we are talking,
What ſnares are in the way where we are walking,
We heed not what we ſay, but paſſe along;
And, many times, are faſt inſnar'd among
Thoſe miſchiefes, and thoſe faults we did condemne,
Before our tongues have left to mention them.
For our neglect of God in former times,
(Or for ſome preſent unrepented crimes)
A ſlumbring *Spirit* ſo poſſeſſeth us,
That our eſtate is wondrous dangerous.
We ſee and heare, and tell to one another
Our perils, yet we headlong haſte together
To wilfull ruine: and are growne ſo mad,
That when our friends a better courſe perſwade,
Or ſeek to ſtop us (when they ſee we run
That way in which we cannot ruine ſhun)
We perſecute thoſe men with all our ſoule,
That we may damn our ſelves without controule.
The eight plaine *Signe*, by which I underſtand
That ſome devouring miſchiefe is at hand,
Is that malicioufneſſe which I doe ſee
Among *Profeſſors* of one Faith to be.
We that have but one *Father*, and one *Mother*,
Doe perſecute, and torture one another.
So hotly, we oppoſe not *Antichriſt*,
As we our fellow-brethren doe reſiſt.
The *Proteſtant*, the *Proteſtant* defies;
And, we our ſelves, our ſelves doe ſcandalize.
Our *Church* we have expoſed to more ſcorne,
And her faire ſeamleſſe *Veſtment* rent, and torne,
By our owne fury, more then by their ſpight
Who are to us directly oppoſite.
To ſave an Apple, we the Tree deſtroy;
And, quarrels make for ev'ry needleſſe toy:

From us, if any brother differ ſhall
But in a crochet, we upon him fall
As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,
As if we knew him for a *Reprobate.*
And, what ever all this doth ſignifie,
Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply.
Take heed (ſaith he) *leſt while ye bite each other,*
You, of your ſelves, conſumed be together.

Another *Signe* which cauſeth me to feare
That our confuſion is approaching neere,
Are thoſe *Diſunions* which I have eſpide,
In *Church*, and *Common-wealth*, this preſent tide.
We cannot hide theſe rents; for they doe gape,
So wide, that ſome their Jawes can hardly ſcape.
Would God, the way to cloſe them up we knew,
Elſe, what they threaten, time will ſhortly ſhew;
For, all men know, a *Citie* or a *Land*,
Within it ſelfe divided, cannot ſtand.

The laſt blacke *Signe* that here I will repeat,
(Which doth to Kingdomes deſolation threat)
Is when the hand of God Almighty brings
The people, into bondage, to their Kings.
I ſay, when their owne *King* ſhall take delight,
Thoſe whom he ſhould protect, to rob, and ſmite.
When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep ſhall kill,
And eate them; and ſuppoſe they doe no ill.
When God gives up a Nation unto thoſe
That are their neighbours, that they may, as foes,
Devoure them. When (oh *England!*) thou ſhalt ſee
This come to paſſe, a ſigne it is to thee
That God is angry; and a certaine token
That into pieces thou ſhalt quite be broken:
If not by forraine ſtrength, by force at home;
And, that thy greater torment will become.

This *Vengeance*, and this fearefull preparation,
Of bringing ruine on a ſinfull Nation,
(If they remaine impenitent) the Lord
Doth menace; and, by *Zachary* record,
To make us wiſe. Oh! let us therefore learne,
What now is comming on us, to diſcerne.
For, (well conſidered if all things were)
From this *Captivity* we ſeeme not farre.
It now already ſeemes to be projected;
Nay, little wants of being quite effected.
For, they that are our *Shepheards*, now, are they
That fleece us, and endevor to betray
Our lives and freedomes. Thoſe great men that be
Our neighbours (and can claime no more then we)
Would ſell us: and, attempt to gaine a pow'r,
Whereby they may, at pleaſure, us devoure:
And had not we a King, as loth to make
His people ſlaves, as from himſelfe to take
His lawfull right; (or, were there not ſome lett
Vnheeded, which is unremoved yet)
E're this (and juſtly too) the hand of heaven
Into perpetuall bondage us had given.
And, if we doe not more Gods will regard,
That miſchiefe is but for a time deferr'd.
Our *King* is juſt and mercifull; and tho
Some may (with loyall, and a gilded ſhow
Of pious equity) a while aſſay
To leade his judgement in his youth aſtray;
Yet, God (I hope) will keepe him ſo, that he
Shall ſtill be juſt, (though we ungodly be)
And make him in the fitteſt houre expreſſe
His royall *Iudgement*, and his *Righteouſneſſe*.
But, if God ſhould from us (as God forbid)
Take him, as once he good *Joſiah* did,

He

He alſo will (unleſſe we mend) perchance,
In times to come, a *Shepheard* here advance,
Who ſhall not plead for what his *Young men* ſay
Is juſt; but, take the ſame, perforce, away.
An Idoll *Shepheard*, who ſhall neither care
To find or ſeek, for thoſe that ſtrayed are;
Nor guard the *Lambs*; nor cure what hath a wound;
Nor cheriſh thoſe that ſtrive to him are found;
But, take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces;
And eate their fleſh; and break their bones in peeces.
More *Signes* I might, as yet, commemorate,
To ſhew Gods *patience* is nigh out of date.
But, theſe are ſignes enough, and ſo apparant,
That twenty more will give no better warrant
To what I ſpeake. Yet, if theſe falſe appeare,
That's one ſigne more, our *fall* approacheth neere.
Be mindfull, therefore, while it is *to Day*;
And, let no good occaſion ſlip away.
Now rend your hearts, ye *Britaines*, waſh & rinſe them
From all corruption: from all evill cleanſe them.
Goe offer up the pleaſing ſacrifice
Of *Righteouſneſſe*: from folly turne your eyes.
Seeke peace, and follow it, with ſtrict purſuit:
Relieve the needy; Judgement execute:
Refreſh the weary; right the fatherleſſe:
The ſtrangers, and the widowes wants redreſſe:
Give praiſe to God; depend with lowly faith,
On him; and what his holy *Spirit* ſaith:
Remember what a price thy ranſome coſt;
And, now redeeme the time that thou haſt loſt.
Returne, returne thou (oh back ſliding Nation)
And, let thy teares prevent thy deſolation.
As yet, thou maiſt returne; for, Gods embrace
Is open for thee, if thou haſt the grace.

To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may
Prevent the miſchiefes of that evill day,
Which here is menac'd: yet, thou maiſt have peace,
And by diſcreet endeavouring, encreaſe
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.
If this thou doe; theſe fearfull threatnings all,
(Repeated here) to mercies change he ſhall.
We cannot ſay, it will excuſe thee from
All chaſtiſement; or that no blow ſhall come.
For, peradventure, thou ſo long haſt bin
Unpenitent, that ſome *loud crying ſin*
Hath wak'd that *Vengeance*, which upon thy crimes
Muſt fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)
Without prevention; to exemplifie
Gods hate of ſin to all poſteritie.
But, ſure we are, that if he doth not ſtay
His threatned hand, the ſtroke that he doth lay
Will fall the lighter; and become a bleſſing,
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreaſing,
Than all that large proſperity and reſt
Which thou, ſo long together, haſt poſſeſt.
God (with a *Writers inke horne*) one hath ſent,
To ſet a *marke* on them that ſhall repent;
And bids him promiſe in his *Name*, that they
Who ſhall (recanting) leave their evill way,
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,
And miſeries of *Sion*, in their times;
That they ſhall be ſecure, and ſaved from
The hand of theſe *Deſtroyers*, which muſt come:
Or elſe by their deſtruction find a way
To that repairing which will ne're decay.
Yea, thou, oh *Britaine!* if thou couldſt reforme
Thy manners, might'ſt expell the dreadfull ſtorme

Now

Now threatned; and thy foes (who triumph would,
The ruine of thy glory to behold.
And jeere thee when thou falleſt) ſoone ſhall ſee
Thy God returning, and avenging thee
On their inſultings: yea, with angry blowes
He would effect their ſhamefull overthrowes.
Or turne their hearts. For when from ſin men ceaſe,
God makes their enemies, and them, at peace.
Moreover, thou ſhalt have in thy poſſeſſing,
Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward bleſſing;
Thy fruitfull *Herds* ſhall in rich paſtures feed;
Thy ſoyle ſhall plenteouſly encreaſe thy ſeed;
Thy Flock, ſhall neither Shepherds want, nor meat;
Cleane provander, thy ſtabled beaſt ſhall eate;
There ſhall be Rivers in thy Dales; and Fountaines
Upon the tops of all thy nobleſt Mountaines:
The *Moone* ſhall caſt upon thee beames as bright
As now the *Sunne*, and with a ſevenfold light.
The *Sunne* ſhall bleſſe thee. He that reignes in thee,
To all his people reconcil'd ſhall be;
And they ſhall find themſelves no whit deceived,
In thoſe good hopes which are of him conceived:
But he, (and they, who ſhall his throne poſſeſſe
When he is gone) ſhall reigne in righteouſneſſe;
And be more carefull of thy weale (by far)
Then parents of their childrens profits are.
Thy *Magiſtrates*, with wiſdome ſhall proceed
In all that ſhall be counſell'd or decreed.
As *Harbours*, when it blowes tempeſtuouſly;
As *Rivers*, unto places over-dry;
As *Shadowes* are to men oppreſt with heat;
As to a hungry ſtomack, wholſome meat;
To thee, ſo welcome, and as much contenting,
Thy *Nobles* will become, on thy repenting.

Thy

Thy *Priests* shall preach true doctrine in thy *Temples*;
And make it fruitfull by their good examples.
Thy God, with righteousnesse shall them aray,
And heare and answer them, when they doe pray.
Thy eyes, that much are blinded, shall be cleare;
Thy eares, that yet are deafned, then shall heare;
Thy tongue, that stammers now, shall then speak plain;
Thy heart shall perfect understanding gaine;
The preaching of the *Gospell* shall encrease;
Thy God shall make thy comforts and thy peace,
To flow as doth a River; they who plant,
The blessing of their labour shall not want;
Thy poorest people shall at full be fed;
The meek, shall of no tyrant stand in dread;
Thou shalt have grace and knowledge, to avoid
Those things, whereby the rest, may be annoid;
Thou shalt possesse thy wished blessings all;
And, God shall heare thee still before thou call.
But, as a *Chime*, whose frets disordered grow,
Can never cause it selfe in tune to goe,
Nor chime at all, untill some cunning hand
Doth make the same againe in order stand:
Or, as the *Clock*, whose plummets are not weight,
Strikes sometimes one for three, and six for eight;
So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,
When once from their integrity they fall.
They may their *motion* hurry out of frame,
But have no pow'r to rectifie the same.
That curious hand which first those pieces wrought,
Must mend them still; or they will still be nought.
To thee I therefore now my speech convert,
Thou famous *Artist*, who Creator art
Of heav'n and earth, and of those goodly *Spheares*,
That now have whirled many thousand yeares,

(And

(And shall untill thy pleasure gives it ending)
In their perpetuall *motion*, without mending.
Oh! be thou pleased, by thy pow'rfull hand,
To set in order this depraved *Land*.

Our whole *foundation*, *Lord*, is out of course;
And ev'ry thing still groweth worse and worse;
The way that leads quite from thee, we have tooke;
Thy *Covenant*, and all thy *Lawes* are broke;
In mischiefes, and in folly, is our pleasure;
Our crying sins have almost fill'd their measure;
Yet, ev'ry day we adde a new transgression,
And still abuse thy favour and compassion.

Our *Governors*, our *Prelates*, and our *Nobles*,
Have by their sins encreast, encreast our troubles.
Our *Priests*, and all the *People*, have misgone;
All kind of evill deeds, we all have done.
We have not lived as those meanes of grace
Require, which thou hast granted to this place;
But rather worse than many who have had
Lesse helpes than we, of being better made.
No Nation under heav'n so lowd hath bin,
That had so many warnings for their sin;
And such perpetuall *callings on*, as we,
To leave our wickednesse, and turne to thee.
Yet, we in stead of turning, further went;
And when thy *Mercies* and thy *Plagues* were sent
To pull us backe; they seldome wrought our stay,
Or moved to repentance one whole day.
No blessing, no affliction, hath a pow'r
To move compunction in us, for one houre,
Unlesse thou worke it. All that I can speake
(And all that I have spoken) till thou breake
And mollifie the heart, will fruitlesse be,
Not onely in my hearers, but in me.

If

If thou prepare not way for more esteeme,
All these *Remembrances* will fooliſh seeme.
Nay these, in ſtead of moving to repent,
Will indignation move and diſcontent;
Which will mens hardned hearts obdurate more,
And make their fault much greater than before.
Unleſſe thou give a bleſſing, I may ſtrive
As well to make a marble ſtone alive,
As to effect my purpoſe: yea, all this
Like wholeſome counſell to a mad man is,
And, I for my good meaning ſhall be torne
In pieces, or expoſed be to ſcorne.
For, they againſt thy word doe ſtop their eare;
And, wilde in diſobedience, will not heare.
In this, we all confeſſe our ſelves to blame,
And that we therefore have deſerved ſhame:
Yea, Lord, we doe acknowledge, that for this
There nothing elſe to us pertaining is,
(Reſpecting our owne worth) but deſolation,
And finall rooting out, without compaſſion.
But gracious God, though ſuch our merit be,
Yet, mercy ſtill pertaineth unto thee.
To thee the act of pard'ning and forgiving,
As much belongs (oh Father everliving)
As plagues to us: and it were better fat
Our ſinnes had leſſe than their deſervings are,
Then that thy Clemency ſhould be outgone,
By all the wickedneſſe that can be done.
As well as theirs whoſe lives now left them have,
Thou canſt command thoſe bodies from the grave,
Who ſtink, and putrifie, and buried be
In their corruption. Such, oh Lord! are we.
Oh! call us from this grave; and ſhew thy pow'r
Upon this much polluted *Land* of our,

Which is not onely sick of works unholy,
But almost dead and buried in her folly.
Forgive us all our slips, our negligences,
Our sins of knowledge, and our ignorances;
Our daring wickednesse; our bloudy crimes;
And all the faults of past and present times.
Permit not thy just wrath to burne for ever;
In thy displeasure doe not still persever;
But, call us from that pit of *Death*, and *Sin*,
And from that path of Hell which we are in.
Remember, that this *Vineyard* hath a *Vine*,
Which had her planting by that hand of thine.
Remember, when from *Egypt* thou remov'dst it,
With what entire affection then thou lov'dst it.
How thou didst weed and dresse it heretofore;
How thou didst fence it from the Forrest Bore;
And thinke how sweet a vintage then it brought,
When thy first worke upon her thou hadst wrought:
Remember, that without thy daily care,
The choicest plants, sone wilde and fruitlesse are;
And, that as long as thou dost prune and dresse,
The sowrest *Vine* shall bring a sweet encrease.
Remember, also *Lord*, how still that *Foe*,
Who first pursued us, doth seek to sow
His tares among thy wheat; and to his pow'r,
Break downe thy fence, and trample, and devoure
The seeds of grace, as soone as they doe sprout;
And is too strong, for us to keepe him out.
Oh! let not him prevaile, such harme to doe us,
As he desires, but, Lord, returne unto us.
Returne in mercy. Though thou find us slack
To come our selves, fetch, draw, and pull us back
From our owne courses, by thy grace divine,
And set, and keep us, in each way of thine.

We

We from our foes have laveli beene by thee;
And in thy love, oh Lord! triumphed we.
But now beheld, disgrac'd thou throwst us by,
And we before our adversaries flye.
At us our neighb'ring Nations laugh and jeere,
And, us they scorne, whom late we made to feare.
Oh God arise, reject us not for aye;
No longer hide from us thy face away:
But, come, oh come with speed to give us aid,
And let us not be lost though we have straid.

Vouchsafe that every one in his degree,
The secret errors of his life may see;
And, in his lawful calling all his dayes,
Performe his Christian duty, to thy praise.
Give peace this troublous age; for, perilous
The times are growne, and no man fights for us
But thou oh God! nor doe we seek or crave,
That any other *Champion* we may have.
Nay, give us troubles, if thy will be so,
That we may have thy strength to beare them too;
And in affliction thee more glorifie,
Then heretofore in our prosperity.
For when thy countenance on us did shine,
Those Lands that boasted of their corne and wine,
Had not that joy which thou didst them impire,
When we were boyld and fryde, in blood and fire.

Oh! give againe that joy, although it cost us
Our lives. Restore thou what our sin hath lost us.
Thy *Church*, in these Dominions, Lord preserve
In purity: and teach us thee to serve
In holinesse and righteousnesse, untill
We shall the number of our dayes fulfill.
Defend these *Kingdomes* from all overthrowes,
By forraigne enemies, or home-bred foes,

Our

Our *King* with ev'ry grace and vertue bleſſe,
Which may thine honour and his owne increaſe.
Inflame our *Nobles* with more love and zeale,
To thy true *Spouſe*, and to this *Common-weale*.
Inſpire our *Clergie* in their ſeverall places,
With knowledge, and all ſanctifying graces;
That by their lives and doctrines they may reare
Thoſe parts of *Sion*, which decayed are.
Awake this *People*, give them ſoules that may
Beleeve thy Word, and thy commands obey.
The *Plagues* deſerv'd already, ſave them from.
More watchfull make them, in all times to come.
For bleſſings paſt, let hearty thanks be given.
For preſent ones, let ſacrifice to heav'n
Be daily offred up. For what is needing
(Or may be uſefull in the time ſucceeding)
Let faithfull prayers to thy throne be ſent,
With hearts and hands upright and innocent:
And let all this the better furthred be,
Through theſe *Remembrances*, now brought by me.
For which high favour, and emboldning thus
My ſpirit, in a time ſo dangerous;
For chuſing me, that am ſo deſpicable,
To be employed in this honorable
And great employment (which I more eſteeme,
Than to be crowned with a *Diadem*)
For thy enabling me in this *Embaſſage*;
For bringing to concluſion this my *Meſſage*;
For ſparing of my life, when thouſands dy'd,
Before, behind me, and on ev'ry ſide;
For ſaving of me many a time ſince then,
When I had forfeited my ſoule agen;
For all thoſe griefes and poverties, by which
I am in better things made great, and rich,

Then all that wealth and honour brings man to,
Wherewith the world doth keepe so much adoe:
For all which thou to me on earth hast given;
For all, which doth concerne my hopes of heaven;
For these, and those innumerable graces,
Vouchsafed me, at sundry times, and places,
(Unthought upon) unfained praise I render:
And, for a living sacrifice, I tender
To thee (oh God) my body, soule, and all,
Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.
Accept it blessed *Maker*, for his sake
Who did this offring acceptable make;
By giving up himselfe. Oh! looke thou not
Upon those blemishes which I have got
By naturall corruption; or by those
Polluted acts which from that ulcer flowes.
According to my skill, I have enroll'd
Thy *Mercies*; and thy *Justice* I have told.
I have not hid thy workings in my brest;
But as I could, their pow'r I have exprest
Among our great assemblies, to declare
Thy will and pleasure, loe, I doe not feare:
And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed;
To speake the truth, I am no whit ashamed.
Oh! shew thou, Lord, thy mercy so to me,
And let thy Love and Truth, my guardians be!
Forgive me all the follies of my youth;
My faulty deeds; the errors of my mouth;
The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one
Of those good workes that I have left undone.
Forgive me all wherein I did amisse,
Since thou employd'st me in performing this:
My *doubtings* of thy calling me unto it;
My *feares*, which oft dishearined me to doe it;

My

My *ſloth*, my *negligences*, my *evaſions*,
And my deferring it, on vaine occaſions,
When I had vowed that no worke of mine,
Should take me up, till I had finiſht thine.
Lord, pardon this; and let no future ſin,
Nor what already hath committed bin,
Prophane this *Worke*; or cauſe the ſame to be
The leſſe effectuall to this Land, or me.
But to my ſelfe (oh Lord) and others, let it
So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.
Let not the evill, nor the good effect
It takes, or puffe me up, or me deject:
Or make me thinke that I the better am,
Becauſe I tell how others are to blame:
But, let it keepe me in a Chriſtian feare,
Still humbly heedfull what my actions are.
Let all thoſe *obſervations* I have had,
Of others errors, be occaſions made
To mind me of mine owne. And, leſt I erre,
Let ev'ry man be my *Remembrancer*;
With ſo much charity, as I have ſought
To bring their duties more into our thought.
And, if in any ſin I linger long,
Without repentance; Lord, let ev'ry tongue
That names me, check me for it: and, to me
Become, what I to others faine would be.
Oh! let me not be like thoſe buſie *broomes*,
Which having clenſed many naſty roomes,
Doe make themſelves the fouler: but ſweet *Father*,
Let me be like the precious *Diamond* rather,
Which doth by poliſhing another ſtone,
The better ſhape and luſtre, ſet upon
His owne rough body. Let my life be ſuch,
As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much

Of thy good pleaſure. And, moſt awfull God,
Let none of thoſe who ſpread of me abroad
Unjuſt reports, the Devills purpoſe gaine,
By making theſe my warnings prove in vaine
To thoſe that heare them: but let ſuch diſgraces,
Reflect with ſhame, upon their Authors faces,
Till they repent. And let their ſcandall ſerve
Within my heart true *meekneſſe* to preſerve;
And that *humility*, which elſe, perchance,
Vaine-glory, or ſome naturall arrogance
Might overthrow, if I ſhould think upon (done.
(With carnall thoughts) ſome good my lines have
Reſtraine, moreover, them who out of pride,
Or ignorance, this Labour ſhall deride.
Make them perceive, who ſhall prefer a ſtory
Compoſed for ſome temporall friends glory,
Before thoſe Poems which thy works declare,
That vaine and witleſſe their opinions are:
And, if by thee I was appointed, Lord,
Thy *Judgements* and thy *Mercies* to record,
(As here I doe) ſet thou thy mark on thoſe,
Who ſhall deſpightfully the ſame oppoſe:
And let it publikely be ſeene of all,
Till of their malice they repent them ſhall.
As I my conſcience have diſcharged here,
Without concealing ought for love, or feare;
From furious men let me preſerved be,
And from the ſcorne of fooles deliver me.
Vouchſafe at length ſome comforting reflection,
According to the yeares of my affliction.
On me, for good, ſome *token* pleaſe to ſhow,
That they who ſee it, may thy bounty know;
Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the ſame,
And joyne with me, in praiſing of thy *Name*.

And leſt (oh Lord!) ſome weake ones may deſpiſe
My words, becauſe of ſuch neceſſities,
As they have brought upon me, by their ſpight,
Who to my *Studies* have beene oppoſite:
Oh! give me that which may ſufficient be,
To make them know that I have ſerved thee.
And that my labours are by thee regarded,
Although they ſeeme not outwardly rewarded.
Thoſe *Honors*, or that *Wealth*, I doe not crave,
Which they affect, who moſt endeavored have
To pleaſe the *World*. I onely aske to gaine,
But *food* and *rayment*, Lord, for all my paine;
And that the ſlaunders, and the poverties,
Wherewith my patience thou ſhalt exerciſe,
Make not theſe *Lines*, or me, become a ſcorne,
Nor leave me to the world-ward, quite forlorne.
Yet, in preferring of this humble *Suit*,
I make not my requeſt ſo abſolute,
As that I will capitulate, or tye
To ſuch conditions, thy dread *Majeſty*.
For, if to honour but an earthly *Prince*
My *Muſe* had ſung; it had beene impudence
To prompt his bounty; or, to doubt he might
Forget to doe my honeſt Labours right.
Doe therefore as thou pleaſeſt: onely give
Thy *Servant* grace contentedly to live,
And, to be thankfull, whatſoever ſhall
In this my weary *Pilgrimage* befall.
Such things thou doſt command me to require,
With earneſt, and an abſolute deſire:
With which I come: beſeeching I may finde
Thy love continue, though none elſe be kinde;
That bleſſedneſſe eternall I may get,
Though all I loſe on earth, to compaſſe it;

And that, at last, when my accompt is eaven,
My payment may be ſummon'd up in heaven.
Lord, this will pleaſe me: call me quickly thither,
And pay me there my wages all together:
Not that which mine by merit ſeemes to be;
But, what by thy meere *grace* is due to me.

FINIS.